

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE DEGRADATION OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS IN PARIS: ON HIS WAY TO THE PRISON VAN.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

One cannot help suspecting that the outcry against testimonials proceeded, at all events in the first instance, from someone who has had one, and has no chance of getting another—just as a wise man who has won a Derby sweep never runs the risk again, and is prodigal of his denunciation of such immoral forms of the lottery. Perhaps his testimonial was too small, a bust where he had expected a statue, or a three-quarter length when he had looked for a portrait in full; or perhaps, having obtained his heart's desire, he is naturally indisposed to give others a chance of doing the like, which would seem to deteriorate from his peculiar merit. Except for these reasons, which do not seem to place human nature on a pedestal, I do not understand the bitterness of his opposition. What is very curious, these objectors appear to be most infuriated when the testimonial takes a form which tends to the public advantage: one of them instances a clock, which, to my mind, on the contrary, seems to possess the merits both of usefulness and modesty. It benefits those who have no watches, while it suggests a limitation to the virtues of the person selected for honour as having more to do with time than eternity. We are told that the busybodies who get up these things take a peculiar pleasure in collecting subscribers. If one were getting one for oneself I can easily imagine it; but from the slight experience I have had in "touting" (as my friends called it) in the cause of charity, it would seem to be one of the most thankless tasks that could fall to the lot of a human being.

Of course there are professional charity collectors who feel no embarrassment in the matter, and who, armed with printed subscription-cards (including also a "form of bequest"), will beard the very millionaire in his marble halls; but the amateur upon this quest fares ill. He could scarcely be treated worse if he were suspected of applying the proceeds of his industry to his own use. Exasperated by coldness and contumely, I remember on one occasion telling a very rich man indeed that if, just for once, he would do a fellow-creature a good turn he would have discovered a new pleasure. Without the least annoyance he assured me that I was quite mistaken, for that he had tried the exercise of benevolence with that very object, and that it had given him no satisfaction whatever. On the other hand, this very individual subscribed to many testimonials—generally, it is true, to persons who did not deserve them, but some of them were of great public utility. And why should we forego these advantages because the subject seems inadequate or the motive not what it should be? Why should we not get all we can for the benefit of the community, and especially out of people who have no care for it? Scrupulosity as to motive in such cases is on all fours with the objection to collecting-boxes for the poor being placed in the grand stands of racecourses, the effect of which would certainly be to tap a large reservoir of unexpected benevolence which would otherwise rarely take that desirable channel. As for memorials, those asked to subscribe to them should look to the form it is proposed for them to take as much as to the merit of him they are asked to honour. Even if that is not of the class to echo through "the corridors of time," there is no harm in getting a good clock for the town hall. And, moreover, some people, it should be remembered, do really deserve a memorial.

It is seldom that the British schoolboy is agitated by a question of literary copyright; it is probable he hardly knows what it means, nor is it necessary that he should concern himself with the matter, since the books which are most familiar (though by no means most welcome) to him have been out of copyright for two thousand years or so. It seems, however, that an eminent firm of publishers who include school-books among their literary wares have declared that the publication of "cribs" is an infringement of their rights, and that they mean to put a stop to it. The excitement this has caused among the youth of Britain is, I am told, something quite abnormal. If they had been informed that the whole of the Greek and Latin classics were to be placed in an "Index Expurgatorius," they could have borne it better, and a great deal better, than this dreadful tidings. For what will the Greek and Latin classics be without their cribs? At present the boys do not know, for they have had no experience, but they have a well-founded suspicion that times are going to be very hard with them. How well I remember reading some Greek historian or another—probably Thucydides—with one of the most highly respected members of the present Legislature! We had a crib between us, and one read out from it to elucidate the text. The difficulty was to identify the historian's words with their English equivalents. "The Persians with their variegated trousers," evoked, I remember, the remark, "Yes, that's all very well, but which is variegated and which is trousers?" Though at the moment of no sort of consequence, this might have become of importance in the lecture-room. I had a great collection of well-thumbed and dog-eared cribs—for though where there are no oxen, cribs are seldom clean. My favourite, I remember, was a literal translation of the "Seven against Thebes," which gave me a more humorous notion of the original than is entertained by

much better scholars. But after all, a classical crib was not to be compared for utility and completeness to a mathematical one; for if one gets the answer to a sum one can generally do the rest of it with comparative ease. It is like having the plot of a detective story well in one's mind beforehand; the mere working out of it, though it astonishes the public, is comparatively plain sailing. A mistake in the crib itself, which sometimes happened, was, of course, fatal, and was, indeed, no less than a catastrophe. For some figures which were naturally made to suit the result did not suit the master, and since the same error occurred in a good many instances it aroused suspicion, and (one regrets to remember) even provoked him occasionally to acts of violence.

A friend who brings me good stories tells me one of the late Kensington scare which persons inclined to pessimism will think too good to be true; but "Our Note Book" (as is well known) only chronicles facts. A lady who shared the panic was going home one afternoon, when in a lonely part of her road a woman respectably dressed asked her the way to the very square in which she lived. Thinking this a certain prelude to the usual stab with a knife, the lady, with great presence of mind, hit her interrogator two violent blows in the face with the handle of her umbrella, which put her to flight, and ran home at the top of her speed. It was an adventure of which she thought she had some reason to be proud, though it rather upset her. She had advertised for a cook, and at five o'clock she was expecting a person to call upon her for the situation. She did not arrive, however, till nearly six, and then not in a very presentable condition. A bandage was on her forehead, and some sticking-plaster over her nose. "I am sorry," she said, "to be late, Ma'am, but I have had a frightful adventure. I asked my way to your house of a person who almost looked like a lady, and she up with her umbrella and knocked me about most dreadful; however, I am glad to have escaped, for I have no doubt it was the Kensington Ripper."

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter," says the poet in one of the finest odes in the English language. I have often thought that the explanation of these lines in their connection with the poem would afford an excellent test of the intelligence of the ordinary lad. "It is clear enough," the reader may naturally remark, but then he is not the ordinary lad, nor (obviously) acquainted with him. It has sometimes struck me that a sort of paraphrase—with a very different meaning, might be made of those lines: "Read story-books are sweet, but those unread are sweeter," because in the former case there are no pleasures of anticipation. One may read, of course, a work of genius again and again with ever-new delight, but after the first time (unless, indeed, one is a very superficial reader) there are no surprises. A young friend of mine, starting upon a long railway journey the other day, wanted a book to read upon the way, and carelessly glancing along my bookshelves, the contents of which some persons have injuriously described as "light literature," exclaimed with the flippancy peculiar to his age, "Oh, I dare say this will do as well as another." "Will do?" I cried. "You impious young scoundrel, you have taken 'Uncle Silas'!" "Never read it," he said, "never heard of it. Ta-ta!" And off he went with the precious jewel as though it had been a pebble. What, thought I, would I not have given to be in his position? Never to have read "Uncle Silas" and to have it in my hand, a treasure unrevealed! There are doubtless some people who do not care for "Uncle Silas," just as there are others who don't care for Devonshire cream and strawberry jam—not absolutely mad folk, but eccentric almost to the point of danger: but I know of no work of fiction that takes the reader more completely out of himself. Its dramatic interest from first to last is intense. I remember as if it were yesterday, though it must be many years ago, when I first read it: I bought it to read in the train from Tenby, and though travelling is always tedious to me, I knew nothing afterwards of what happened till I got out at Paddington. But though I have read the book since, I never could recapture that first delicious rapture. What would one not give never to have read "Vanity Fair," or "Martin Chuzzlewit," or "Ivanhoe," and to open them for the first time! It would be like breaking into an enchanted cavern full of treasure, which, though always rich and beautiful, can never again possess the charm of its discovery.

The late fire in the Edgware Road is, in one respect, remarkable among all London fires—namely, from its excessive rapidity. The conflagration, if we are to believe the curiously few witnesses of its occurrence, was almost simultaneous all over the house. "I saw a volume of smoke coming out of the bed-room windows, the next minute the flames burst out from the front of the shop." In five minutes the whole building was a raging furnace, and no inmate of the ill-fated structure could have lived for half that time. To those who see mercy in such catastrophes this may seem merciful, but if the flame had been less quick some of these poor folks might have escaped. As it was, if the incident had been the work of an incendiary, and petroleum had been used, the devouring element could hardly have been better purveyed for. The stoves used for heating the irons had

lines of drying linen suspended overhead, with wood and coal, as it were, a deposit account for the flames to draw upon. Add to this that the shop projected from the dwelling-house—a custom peculiar to the Edgware Road—so that no ladder could be raised to the windows, and every condition of a death-trap seems to have been fulfilled. Yet, by this time, probably, people go to sleep in houses similarly constructed and in establishments similarly furnished, as though this terrible warning had never occurred. There is nothing which we risk with so light a heart every night of our lives as the tremendous peril of fire. The rich (with the one exception of the absence of paraffin lamps) as much as the poor. It is such a trouble to take precautions, to make sure that a way of escape is provided from the upper floors, or even that linen is not left to air before an open grate. The fact is that the catastrophe of fire is so frightful when it does occur that it seems too shocking to happen. Women, in particular, whose attire is especially subject to it, ignore this "good servant but terrible master," stand in front of the grate with one foot on the fender, or whisk by it with a half-inch to spare between them and eternity. Our man-fool throws down his blazing fuzee close to the rim of his wife's gown, and the little children, encouraged by their reckless mothers, dance round the lighted tapers of a Christmas-tree in muslin frocks, inviting an Herodian holocaust.

Under the title of "English Commons and Forests," Mr. Shaw-Lefevre describes "the battle during the last three years over the commons," and, indeed, it was really something not so very unlike a battle. What was taken underhand had often to be restored with the strong hand, and it is right to note that if those who took up the people's cause had not been in a good position in life, it would not only have fared ill with them, but they would probably have failed in their objects. At all events, in olden time, persons of less influence who stirred in this matter were apt to be haled to prison and to suffer the fate of martyrs without the credit that is paid to them. The most picturesque account of the proceedings of the Commons Society is doubtless the rescue of Berkhamstead Common from the lord of the soil in 1866. In February of that year he had erected iron fences nine feet high across the centre of the common, enclosing 424 acres of it, and dividing the residue into two completely detached portions. These acres contained no opening, and entirely shut out the public. The society was consulted, and found a "village Hampden" to their hand in the person of Mr. Augustus Smith, the well-known Lord of Scilly, who had himself rights on the common. "It was decided to remove the fences bodily, in a manner that would be no less conspicuous than the erection. With this object, it was arranged with a contractor in London to send down at night to Berkhamstead a force of one hundred and twenty navvies, for the purpose of pulling down the iron fences in as short a time as possible. On March 6, 1866, a special train left Euston shortly after midnight with the requisite number of labourers, skilled workmen, and gangers armed with proper implements and crowbars. The train reached Tring at 1.30 a.m. At this point the operation nearly miscarried. The contractor, it appeared, had sublet his contract to another person. The two met together at a public-house near Euston Station the evening before the intended raid, and drank so freely that neither of them was in a condition to lead the force into action, and the navvies arrived at Tring without a leader and with no instructions. Fortunately, a confidential clerk had been sent to watch the proceedings from a distance, and this gentleman, perceiving the difficulty, took the lead of the force. A procession was formed at the station. A march of three miles in the moonlight brought them to Berkhamstead Common, and the object of the expedition was then first made known to the rank and file. The men were told off in detachments of a dozen strong. The substantial joints of the rails were then loosened by hammers and chisels, and the crowbars did the rest. Before six a.m. the whole of the fences, two miles in length, were levelled to the ground, and the railings were laid in a heap, with as little damage as possible. It was seven o'clock before the alarm was given, and when Lord Brownlow's agent appeared on the scene, he found that Berkhamstead Common was no longer enclosed. It was too late to do more than make an energetic protest against the alleged trespass." This was, of course, followed by legal proceedings very costly to Mr. Smith, but which in the end obtained his object. In no case have the Commons Society obtained their victories without a struggle, yet it is doubtful whether many even of those who have been benefited are aware of how hard has been the fight. Mr. Lefevre's book is the record of a great public service. No less than thirteen thousand acres of commons within the Metropolitan District have been secured to the public. Londoners are exceptionally fortunate in their reservoirs of health, if they can but keep them, since within fifteen miles of the centre there are no less than seventy-four commons; but there are many towns which owe their popularity to the neighbourhood of these open spaces. Their value, indeed, can hardly be estimated unless they chance to be lost to those who enjoy them. What would Tunbridge Wells be without its Common, or Harrogate without its Stray, or Malvern without its range of open hills, or Eastbourne without its Downs?

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

It cannot be denied that the new dramatic year has begun with startling interest, variety, and ample food for discussion. Mr. Sydney Grundy, whose stage work is invariably first class, who is one of our best and most trenchant writers, has given to the Garrick a new problem play—a play, as some think, with an unfinished problem, but still interesting for all that. At the Haymarket Mr. Oscar Wilde has embroidered a well-known Sardou play in his well-known paradoxical and whimsical fashion; while at the St. James's Mr. Henry James has presented the play-loving world with a work full of literary charm and fancy.

There are some mistakes, no doubt, in the casting of Mr. Sydney Grundy's "Slaves of the Ring," but it would be unjust to say that the primary error is of very material consequence when everything is considered. The success of the work does not depend on the choice of a hero. At any rate, the selection of Mr. Gilbert Hare for a character outside the range of marked eccentric comedy, for which he is so eminently fitted, does not blind our eyes to his father's admirable performance of a testy old gentleman not concerned in the plot, but of special importance to the play; nor to the charming acting shown both by Miss Eleanor Calhoun and Miss Kate Rorke as the two sisters who have the misfortune to love the same man. The play has also the advantage of the able service of Mr. Brandon Thomas, a most sympathetic artist, and of Miss Kate Phillips, one of the most accomplished soubrettes on the English stage. At any rate, whether Mr. Sydney Grundy's problem be finished or not, the reputation of Mr. John Hare's theatre for the best kind of acting remains unimpaired.

The similarity between Mr. Oscar Wilde's "Ideal Husband" and Sardou's "Dora" is too marked not to be noticed. The hero, instead of being accused of stealing an important dispatch, is charged with selling a State secret. A new Zicka is introduced who blackmails the hero, instigated by another Baron Stein, who is an Austrian speculator; and instead of detection by a peculiar secret, we have a wonderful diamond bracelet, which has been stolen by the adventuress, who does not know it is a patent bracelet that cannot be unlocked except by some mysterious formula known only to one individual. But after all, these things, as I have often pointed out, concern experts far more than the general public. A play is never less interesting to the ordinary playgoer because something in it has been done before. The late Henry Pettitt, for instance, knew the whole formula of melodrama, and every effective method of treating it. In fact, he used the same incidents and series of incidents again and again with success. The critics pointed it out, but the general public were unconcerned. It is to me quite clear that the mere fact that Mr. Oscar Wilde's play suggests something else does not in the least interfere with its success—a success that is naturally increased by the author's method and trick of talk. In fact, Oscar Wilde is the fashion. His catch and whimsicality of dialogue tickle the public. Just now the whole of society is engaged in inventing Oscar Wildeisms, just as a few months ago they were employed in discovering the missing word in competitions. It is the easiest thing in the world. All you have to do is to form an obvious untruth into a false epigram. Cleverness nowadays is nothing but elaborate contradiction, and the man or woman who can say that black is white or white is black in a fanciful fashion is considered a genius. There is scarcely one Oscar Wildeism uttered in the new Haymarket play that will bear one minute's analysis, but for all that they tickle the ears of the groundlings, and are accepted as stage cleverness. The author, in addition to his own clever trick of talk, has the advantage of a very admirable cast. Mr. Lewis Waller, who now shares with Mr. H. H. Morell the cares of management, is one of our ablest and most earnest young actors, who invests all he does with a certain grace and distinction. It is not his fault that the hero of this particular play is continually sad and self-accusing, any more than that it is Miss Julia Neilson's fault that the heroine is untrue to the best instincts of woman. Both actor and actress get out of the difficulty remarkably well, for though we should like to see Mr. Lewis Waller less despondent and Miss Julia Neilson not quite so hard on the hero's early peccadillo, still the charm of the artist overrides all ethical considerations. Miss Florence West has never before had so good a chance or availed herself of it more brilliantly than in this character of the Zicka-like adventuress. And she has this one strong recommendation—that she has been well taught, and knows how to speak on the stage. Every word is distinct, every sentence is properly pointed and accented. Here expert evidence may be taken with advantage, for no one but the expert knows how good plays are often mangled and ruined by faulty elocution—nay, more, by absolute ignorance of voice production. The ignorance of the ordinary rules of elocution both in the church and on the stage is something deplorable.

Mr. Charles Hawtrey always rises to the occasion. He is one of the best actors in a certain line on our stage. He has been too long considered a mere farce actor. He is a comedian of the first class, and if Oscar Wildeisms have to be spoken they cannot be better spoken than by this admirable actor.

I have but a small space left in which to recommend to the earnest attention of playgoers and playlovers the "Guy Domville" of Mr. Henry James. On its production it was treated with unwonted severity—nay, with a hardness and cruelty alike discourteous and reprehensible. For my own part, I could go and see the play again and again for the sake of the beauty of the subject, the depth and originality of the treatment of it, the delicacy and grace of the dialogue, and the charming acting of Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Herbert Waring, and Miss Marion Terry, who has more than established her position as one of the sweetest and most womanly actresses of our time. I earnestly hope that Mr. Alexander's prediction of failure will be found to be undeserved, that the unfortunate scene of Saturday will be speedily forgotten, and that the public may be permitted to enjoy an admirable and delightful play.

## CHILDREN'S BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

As subjects for a masquerade small people have undoubtedly the prior claim to prettiness, as that annual frolic within

Upton's pretty girl as Forget-me-Not contrasted with a fascinating Rosebud in whom Lady Simeon Stuart, the City Marshal's wife, was interested. As "Winter" Sir Augustus Harris's little daughter quite subverted all previous theories of that uncomfortable season in her snow and sparkling hoar frost. Millais' famous pictures "Cherry Ripe" and "Cinderella" were reproduced accurately by the Misses Dorothy George and Alice Warren respectively. An airy fairy Titania of two years old was faithfully recalled as we all remember her majesty by Winnie Judd, Master Douglas Gordon Mackrae, a gallant Lifeguardsman in little, accompanied his sister, who appeared as a jaunty *visandière*. A very diminutive Charles I., principally white satin and feathers, was royally represented, considering his inches, by Master A. Peret. Master F. Mendl was in a handsome Greek dress, and his brother Reginald, in scarlet doublet, cloak, cap, and above all feather, with a portentously pointed moustache and peaked imperial, boldly proclaimed himself "The Deuce it is!" That inevitably charming nobleman, the Earl of Essex, was reintroduced by Master Charles Westwood, and Romeo in satin and sweet speeches by Master Bernard Boquet. Captain Simonds, of Fire Brigade fame, brought two small daughters—one "Violets," the other "Rosemary." China and Japan, on amicable terms evidently, were accurately costumed by the Masters J. and H. Lobb; and two other striking dresses were a Medusa in cobwebby grey with armlets and headgear of glittering snakes, and the Puff Ball of Miss Foster, which attracted much admiration. And so eleven o'clock chiming presently from City belfries proclaimed the limit of juvenile merrymaking, and then the fairies went to bed.

## THE DEGRADATION OF DREYFUS.

France will be glad to forget the painful scene of the degradation of Captain Dreyfus, which took place at the Ecole Militaire, Paris, on Jan. 5. Nearly three thousand troops, many of them being conscripts, witnessed the spectacle, which commenced at nine o'clock in the morning with the arrival of General Darrasin in the courtyard. Amid the sound of drums and trumpets the troops shouldered arms. Then four gunners escorted Captain Dreyfus, to whom the Registrar of the Court-martial read the sentence of military degradation. The General next exclaimed, "Dreyfus, you are unworthy to bear arms, and we degrade you!" The epaulettes, plume, and red stripes were snatched off by a tall adjutant, who subsequently broke the prisoner's sword in half. With the same sense of the dramatic which has characterised all the later doings of Dreyfus, he cried aloud, "Vive la France! Je jure que je suis innocent!" He was marched in front of all the troops, repeating his assertion of innocence to the journalists, who represented the French Press only. He was finally handed over by the gunners to the gendarmes, who conveyed him in a prison van to the presence of Dr. Bertillon, who took the measurements usual in the case of prisoners. The Prison de la Santé was his next destination, prior to his exile in the Ile de Ré. The spirit of the French nation considers this too good for one who might have suffered death.

## THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA.

The latest reports from the scene of operations diminish one's admiration for the restraint which had hitherto distinguished the victorious Japanese. After the fall of Port Arthur, every foreign journalist escaped as speedily as possible from the awful scenes which caused them to be apprehensive for their own safety, and precluded the possibility of plain speaking or writing. It appears from the account given by the special correspondent of the *Times* that the Chinese resisted bravely until the town was completely in the power of the invaders. Then began "a gratuitous ebullition of barbarism." Scores of Chinese were hunted down, shot, or hacked to pieces. Panic-stricken fugitives, in boats crowded to twice their usual capacity, were slaughtered mercilessly by the Japanese, whose thirst for blood reversed all their previous records for humanity. The story is most painful reading, for after the battle the outburst of vengeance was continued for four days. It is curious, in the light of the foregoing, to hear that the Central Committee of the German Red Cross Society is about to place 10,000 marks at the disposal of the Japanese Red Cross Society for aiding the wounded.

## VIOLETS.

Soon will come the time when violets "dapple all the brakes," and seem, in Shakspeare's language, "sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes or Cytherea's breath." Wise would be the statesman who annexed the modest violet as his favourite flower, for surely it would run the primrose hard for popularity. They bring their delicious perfume into the most unsavoury streets of the city, as well as into the daintiest of boudoirs; while many a patient has the monotony of the hospital relieved by the flower which speaks a message of quiet country peace and health.



LADY EDITH WARD (LADY WOLVERTON) IN HER BRIDAL DRESS.

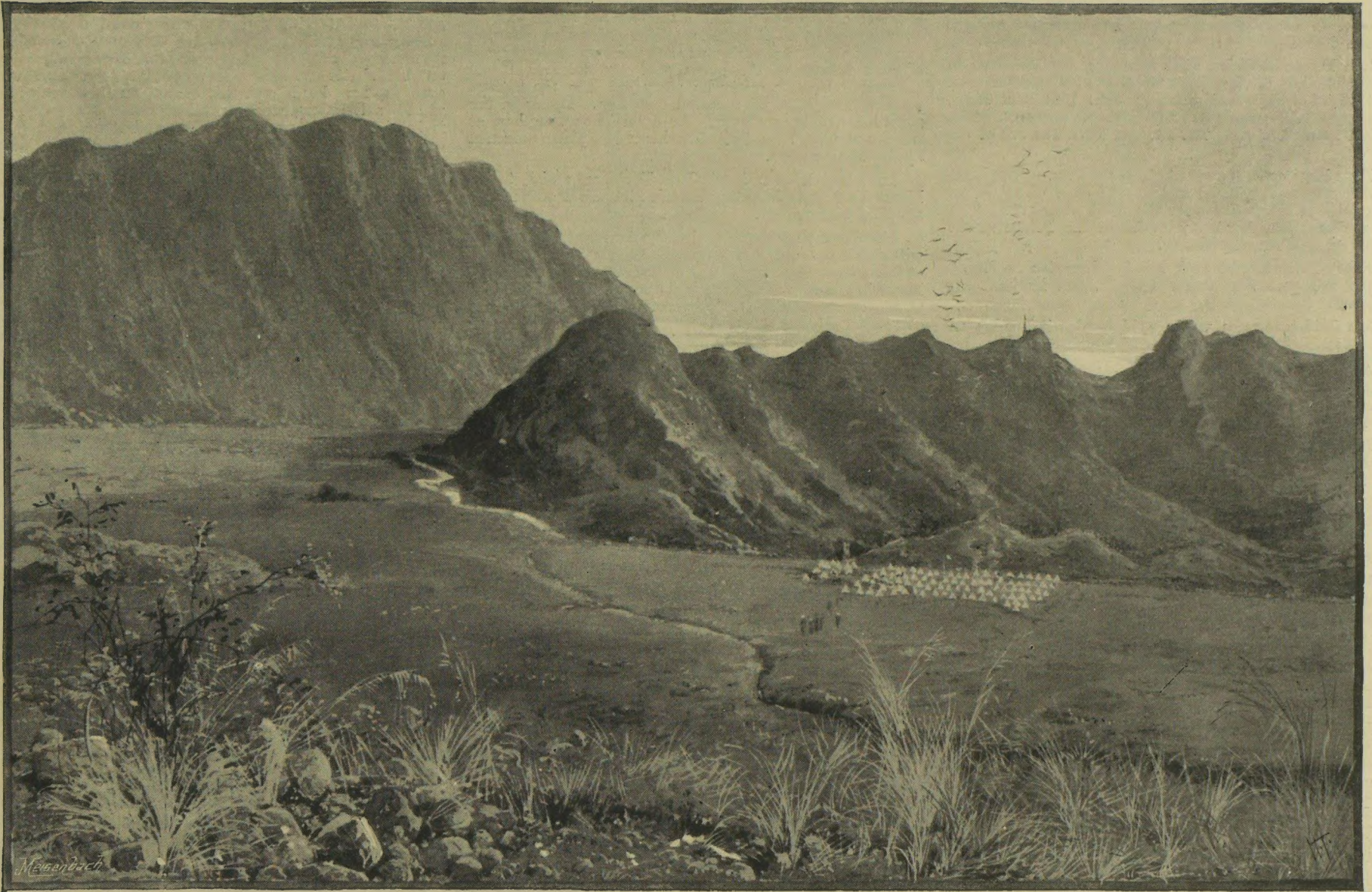
See Page 43.

the Mansion House walls to which so many citizens in embryo are bidden amply illustrates. Following a thoughtful and lately inaugurated fashion, Sir Joseph Renals fixed the festivity at a date well removed from the lamentable necessities of Black Monday, so no melancholy foreshadowing of school-room reopening marred the gay scene. Several restrictions on the number admitted formerly were also made, with a view to giving young people more room to move about and dance. So a perceptible difference was evident in both the appearance and comfort of the rooms. After the reception, which began at seven o'clock, dancing was started with great spirit in the Egyptian Room, which, with intervals for the time-honoured humours of Punch and Judy and Professor Johnston's performing dogs, continued until ten o'clock. Then the picturesque ceremony of the evening came on: small people, paired off by energetic stewards, advancing in long procession, and saluting before the dais on which the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress stood. Least in point of inches came a small being of two years, most appropriately personating an angel, with wings, halo, and dimples all complete; her sister, Dorothy Harrison, a dainty Po-Peep in pink and a truly pastoral complexion. Very tempting, as was only natural, followed Miss Theo Bayley as Mistletoe. Mr. Harry Nicholls' son described himself "A very bad (K)night," his armour being represented by saucepan-lids, spoons, and other adjuncts of supper, while a brilliantly red nose made up by his father carried out all suggested backslidings with great effect. Three gay Paddys in correct Connaught frieze scarlet waistcoats, shillelaghs, and brogues performed a rattling jig, much to the joy of all their audience. Mr. Frederic

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.



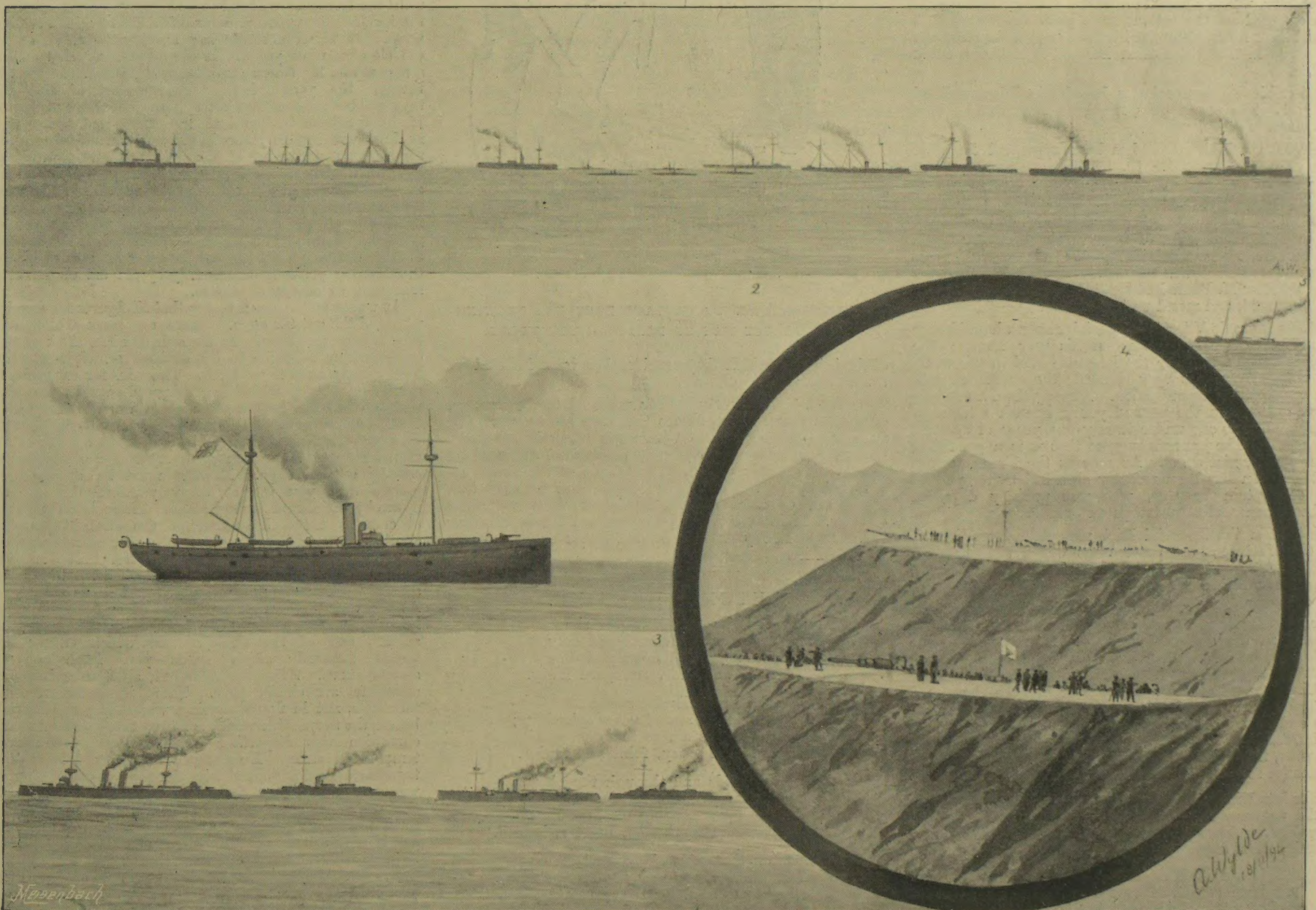
CHILDREN'S FANCY-DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.



THE WAR IN WAZIRISTAN: CAMP WANO ATTACKED BY MAHSUD WAZIRIS, NOVEMBER 3, 1894.

*From a Sketch by Captain C. Powell, 1st Goorkha Rifles.*

The camp was suddenly surrounded by the enemy in pitch darkness. Three onslaughts were made on the 1st Goorkha Rifles, who suffered heavy losses, 631 men being killed or wounded.



THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA: SKETCHES OFF WEI-HAI-WEI.

*Drawn by Mr. A. W. Wylde, H.M.S. "Leander."*

1. The Japanese Main Squadron off Wei-Hai-Wei, Nov. 16.
2. The Armed Transport "Saikio Maru," at which three torpedoes were discharged by Chinese torpedo-boats in the action of Sept. 17.
3. The Japanese Advance Squadron reconnoitring Wei-Hai-Wei, Nov. 16.
4. Forts at Wei-Hai-Wei seen through a telescope; the Japanese Squadron in sight.
5. "Yayayama," Japanese Admiral's dispatch-vessel.

## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen was visited by the Prime Minister on Jan. 7. Her Majesty is much distressed by the serious illness of General Sir Henry Ponsonby, who has sustained a slight paralytic stroke.

The Prince of Wales, after attending two weddings in London on Jan. 5, visited his relatives at White Lodge on the following day, and went on Jan. 7 to Hall Barn, Beaconsfield (the residence of Sir Edward Lawson), where he had some shooting. The Duke of York was one of the party.

Four large cases of presents from the Czar of Russia are on their way to the Queen and the Prince of Wales, as an expression of his gratitude for the good wishes of both on his wedding and for the presence of the Prince at the recent crisis in Russian history.

Prince Alexander of Teck left Southampton on Jan. 9 in the transport *Victoria* for India, where he joins his regiment.

Mr. Gladstone came up from Hawarden to London on Jan. 7, and left for the Riviera on the following day.

A series of Cabinet Councils, preceding the re-assembling of Parliament in February, are to be held, commencing on Jan. 10, for which purpose the Ministers are returning to London.

The nomination day for the Evesham election has been fixed for Jan. 15, and the polling will take place on the 22nd.

Political speeches dealing with the situation in Irish politics have been recently delivered by Mr. W. Redmond and Mr. T. Healy. The spirit of recrimination still seems the animating principle in the Irish parties.

Following the New Year honours came the announcement that knighthood was to be conferred on Mr. William Henry Rattigan, Vice-Chancellor of the Punjab University and an advocate of the Punjab Chief Court. Colonel H. G. Colville, C.B., Grenadier Guards; Commander C. Hooper Robertson, R.N., and Lieutenant George S. Carr, R.N., are appointed Companions of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George.

In the yachting world considerable interest has been excited by the announcement that, barring accidents, the America Cup will be competed for by an English and an American yacht. Lord Dunraven's challenge has been accepted by the New York Yacht Club.

The weather in the United Kingdom has lately been very severe. There have been heavy snowstorms in the Highlands, and skating, prematurely indulged in, has already been attended by several accidents in different parts of the country.

The Board of Trade has proposed a new rule of the road at sea, and this has been strongly opposed by Liverpool shipowners. It is probable that the attention of Parliament will be drawn to the matter.

The Indian cotton duties are seriously agitating Manchester, where a large meeting of masters and operatives engaged in the cotton trade protested on Jan. 8 against their reimposition, as likely to cripple the industry. It is expected that the Indian Budget will show a small surplus.

A terrible fire occurred at a laundry in Edgware Road on Jan. 2. The proprietress, five girls, a man and a boy, were burnt to death.

Mr. W. C. Smyly, Q.C., has been appointed Judge of County Courts, Circuit No. 19.

The Parliamentary Session in France began on Jan. 8. In both Houses the eldest member acted as temporary President; in the Senate this duty fell to M. de Laubespin, who is eighty-four years of age; in the Chamber to M. Pierre Blanc, who is a hale Savoyard of eighty-eight years of age. M. Brisson was ultimately elected President for the year, after M. Blanc had pleaded for "a durable era of peace, concord, and moral unity."

M. Le Myre de Vilers, the special envoy whom France dispatched to Madagascar, is on his way home. The political horizon in this, the largest island in the world save Australia, seems very clouded; the expedition will soon be dispatched from Toulon. Already there are plenty of applications on the part of young French soldiers to be engaged. No one under twenty-one years of age will be accepted. The journals suggest that it is a good time to form a Colonial army. As regards the French army, most attention has been recently absorbed by the painful case of Captain Dreyfus, who was publicly degraded in the presence of 3000 troops on Jan. 5.

In Berlin the Imperial Diet reassembled on Jan. 8. The chief feature of the proceedings was a violent speech by Herr Auer, who occupied three hours in declaiming against monarchies.

Signor Crispi's accusers seem growing in number, and their indictments cover political, commercial, and domestic episodes in the statesman's career. He still enjoys the marked approbation of the King. Meanwhile, Signor Giolitti has been absent from Italy, visiting his son-in-law at Charlottenburg. An appreciator in the *Nineteenth Century* says the characteristics of Signor Crispi are keenness and broadness of intellect, knowledge of men and affairs, fearlessness and incorruptibility, patriotism that is a passion, fidelity to friends that never wavers, and disdain of enemies so complete that vengeance offers no temptation.

The late King of Naples was buried at Arco on Jan. 3, in the presence of several princes and members of the Neapolitan aristocracy. His later years had been characterised by resignation, dignity, and generosity.

Count Shuvaloff, Russian Ambassador in Berlin since 1885, has been appointed Governor-General of Warsaw. The Czar has sent him a most flattering message.

A warrant of questionable legality was issued on December 31 for the arrest of M. Stambouloff, ex-Premier of Bulgaria. The charge was the murder of M. Belcheff, a colleague, in 1891. The officer to whom the warrant was addressed refused, however, to execute it.

Sir John Thompson's funeral, on Jan. 3, was a most impressive spectacle. Halifax, Nova Scotia, was a city of mourning. At St. Mary's Roman Catholic Cathedral a requiem mass was celebrated in the presence of the Viceroy and the Countess of Aberdeen. The funeral procession exceeded a mile in length, and the whole proceedings were a great tribute to the memory of the deceased Prime Minister. From poverty he struggled into the highest position which the State could give him. Dying in the royal home of his sovereign, Sir John Thompson has, at the age of fifty, been buried in his native place, mourned by the whole nation.

The chief Khama is at Cape Town, on a visit to Sir Henry Loch, who desired to consult him on various matters affecting his territory.

There seems a probability that the Ameer of Afghanistan will visit this country in response to the cordial invitation of the Queen. A most interesting account of Abdurrahman Khan has been published by his recent guest, the Hon. G. N. Curzon, M.P. He describes him as "a man of great stature, of colossal personal strength, and of corresponding stoutness of frame when in his prime; he is now much altered by sickness. . . . If I may hazard a personal opinion, I would add that he has profited greatly by the change."

Colonel Turner's flying column has explored the valley of the Abdurrahman Kheyls in Waziristan, and has now reached Marghabund.

The Victorian Government was defeated on Jan. 8, on a motion concerning the proposed reduction of the salaries of members and officials of the Legislative Assembly.

The Straits Settlements are much perturbed as to the military contribution levied on them. Four members of the Legislative Council have resigned, to show their sense



THE DEGRADATION OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS: SHOWING THE CORRECT WAY OF BREAKING THE SWORD.

of the injustice which they consider has been inflicted on the Settlements.

Corea has apparently become resigned to the presence of the Japanese, whose advice the King seems now to be following. Paradox though it be, the independence of the Corean peninsula was solemnly proclaimed at Seoul on Jan. 7. The King went to the temple of his ancestors, attended by his Ministers and officers, and declared that henceforth Corea would be dependent upon no other country. Lishumyon has been appointed Corean Minister to the Imperial Japanese Court, and leaves shortly to take up his duties.

## AUTUMN EVENING.

The moon looks o'er the silver rim  
Of dappled silver clouds and holy,  
Lighting the haunted fields and dim,  
The river and the churchyard lowly.

In a mild glory sails the moon  
Down a broad sea of silver splendour;  
One star, pink as a rose in June,  
Floats in the glory, faint and tender.

Across the fields and through the gloam  
Earth's lamps are spangling small and golden,  
Calling me home, calling me home,  
Home where my human heart is holden.

I muse on that wide silver road  
Yon where the splendid lamp is shining,  
Pointing to some fine palace of God,  
Golden beyond the day's declining.

But the warm lamplight draws my feet,  
Making the glory dim in distance,  
Sweet are the lights of home, O sweet!  
Drawing my heart with fond persistence.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

## SKATERS AND SKATES.

A picturesque writer has remarked that skating is the poetry of motion. If you take the proposition in the poetry in which it was given, and regard it merely as a grand way of saying that a man on skates is beautiful, it must be accepted with reserve. He is an adept on his skates who is not ungainly. No man with eyes in his head and his hand on his heart can walk by the Serpentine or other water, when the ice is bearing, and deny this. Here and there, in a quiet corner, you will come upon a man whose movements are graceful; but what are we to say of the generality? Gaze upon them frankly. Dismiss from your mind's eye the transfiguring mist of amiable high spirits which enshrouds the scene, and look facts straight in the face. Bodies stooping from the shoulders, swaying arms which seem all elbows, feet clumsily shod, strenuous effort—are these the ingredients of grace? Surely not; yet they are "notes" in the demeanour of almost every man on the ice. It must be added, with grief, that one's imagination perceptive, yearning to be appeased and glad, fares no better when it falls upon the ladies. Truth to tell, they are, as a rule, rather more ungainly than the men. The men, in their strenuousness, are unabashed, abandoned; out for the afternoon, caring not how they look; but the ladies are women still, if not, indeed, more than usual, timorous and self-conscious to a degree. They move in fear, which is never pretty. If they follow the natural bent of things, they go on the inside edge, and are not fair to see; if they adventure on the outside edge, they undo themselves by inclining their pretty heads and shoulders towards the inside, which is deplorable.

Many of the skaters, it is true, are not trying to be graceful: if they were they would be *poseurs*, and not worth a moment's consideration. They are enjoying a stimulating romp and reckon little what any onlooker thinks of them. At the same time, while there is a sufficing pleasure in frolicking hither and thither through the keen air, figure-skating also is a delightful amusement; and there is no harm in watching our adept in the quiet corner, to see whether we may not glean some of the secrets of his skill. It is apparent, after a minute's observation, that, if you would be an adept on the ice, the outside edge is the first step you have to master. It looks so simple and easy, too. How is it that one may toil for a decade of winters without acquiring it? The reason is odd, and perhaps shocking. All men, from the drill-sergeant down to the dancing-master, tell you that the goose-step is the true department for beings who walk the earth. If, however, you would flit upon the ice and not be graceless, you must have none of the goose-step. You must be hen-toed. That is strange, but true. The adept seems to have his toes

turned outwards, but he never has—never, that is to say, until the figure he wishes to make necessitates a curve on the inside edge, when, paradoxically, he turns his toe outward. It is an absolute impossibility to move on the outside edge when you are in the attitude which the drill-sergeant and the dancing-master recommend. It is partly because the young ladies are ignorant of this that they wobble so, and feel always on the verge of falling. If, having been informed of the truth, and acting upon it, they will incline their heads and shoulders towards the right when they are on the right foot, and towards the left when they are on the other, they will make the graceful movement with ease and security. The adept never falls, and rarely stumbles. That is because he trusts himself implicitly on the outside edge, which, whether you are going backward or you are going forward, is the securest of all positions on skates, and because he carries himself through his performances mainly by the art of balancing instead of by energy of muscle.

It would be too much to say that all figures are developments of the outside edge. There are some which, while they involve movements on the outside edge, are not to be explained by reference to the general principle which we have endeavoured to set forth. There is, for example, the cross-cut. That, which is a figure drawn by one skate without the other touching the ice, is wonderful to behold. You make a quarter of a circle on the outside edge forward, then suddenly stop, then go backwards in a straight line, then suddenly stop, then go quarter of a circle forward on the outside edge. Now, it must be obvious at a glance that you cannot carry yourself through that figure by the initial energy alone. There is a destruction of energy at the beginning of the straight line, and another at the end. Whence is the new energy derived? The answer will explain our assertion that something more than the foot and the leg which seem to be doing all the work at the moment is involved in figure-skating. At the end of the first curve the other foot, which you have gradually brought forward, is tossed back; and at the end of the straight line which ensues it is tossed forward, which sends you forth on the second curve. After the cross-cut, all figures, howsoever elaborate, are child's play. There is, however, a performance, not in figure-skating, which, if you chanced to be on the Serpentine when, some years ago, the American champion was disputing himself there, you may be tempted to essay. He jumped over three chairs placed together. Lest anyone should, for the honour of England, want to jump over four, it may be well to explain the principle of leaping on skates. You go forward in the sinuous manner of the Dutch roll, acquiring as much speed as you can attain; then, having reached within two feet of the chairs, you rise from the toes. The turn from the flat of the blades to the toes sends you into the air; the initial energy, if you have not bungled in the turn, carries you forward; and, as you fall not perpendicularly, but in a slant, you reach the ice again and glide on without a jar. The Mount Charles, the Caledonian, and the Acme, are excellent skates; and it is unwise to hamper the freedom of the ankles by adding straps to the fastenings which were designed to make straps unnecessary.

W. EARL HEDGSON.

## PERSONAL.

Mr. Gladstone has gone to Cannes, though it cannot be in search of health. A man who can still fell trees at the age of eighty-five is not dependent on the whims of climate. About a dozen years ago Mr. Gladstone went to Cannes in search of sleep. He slept seven hours, he says, the night of his arrival, and the enemy of insomnia has never returned to him. Most people will read this with surprise. When Mr. Gladstone prepares for a journey to Cannes by felling trees at Hawarden, such ills as sleeplessness seem as trivial as infantine ailments.

A story that Sir William Harcourt had resigned was promptly contradicted by him, and it seems that the natural impatience of the gossips at the dullness of the political season has betrayed them. They have insisted that a hopeless estrangement exists between the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but as Lord Rosebery is to be a guest at Malwood, the resources of diplomacy evidently enable statesmen to hide their embittered animosities at their own firesides. An immediate dissolution has been promised us, and a Cabinet Council this week is supposed to augur something extraordinary. But the probabilities are that there will be nothing to excite ourselves about till the meeting of Parliament on Feb. 5.

There is a curious controversy between the Bishop of Chester and the *Times*. The *Times* sent Mr. Shadwell to report on the working of the Gothenburg system. The Bishop of Chester did not like Mr. Shadwell's report, and he intimated that it was not impartial because Mr. Shadwell had written previously about the Gothenburg system in disrespectful terms in a paper called the *Senate*. Mr. Shadwell replies that the Bishop is his old college tutor, and that he had actually called the Bishop's attention to the *Senate* article in a private and friendly way. So we have Mr. Shadwell protesting that his old college tutor has stabbed him in the back, the Bishop protesting that Mr. Shadwell is a discredibly biased witness, and the *Times* protesting that the Bishop has behaved very ill. Truly an original and agreeable imbroglio!

Ex-Captain Alfred Dreyfus, whose melancholy betrayal of trust led to his degradation on Jan. 5—a scene which is



EX-CAPTAIN DREYFUS.

described elsewhere—was a most promising officer in the Fourteenth Artillery Regiment, and attached as a supernumerary to the General Staff of the French War Office. As the court-martial which decided his fate sat in camera it is impossible to state the full facts in connection with the case. The

charge against Dreyfus was of delivering to a foreign Power certain documents which compromised the security of France. The court-martial commenced its sittings on Dec. 19, and only whispers of what took place have transpired. The prisoner, who is a member of a well-known Jewish family, was represented by counsel, whose speech in defence lasted four hours, and called the Chief Rabbi as one of the witnesses to his character. On Dec. 22 the sentence condemning "the person called Alfred Dreyfus to transportation and perpetual imprisonment in a fortress, and to military degradation" was pronounced by the court.

Lord Randolph Churchill has surprised his physicians by a remarkable rally, which appears to be well sustained. It is no secret that they had abandoned all hope. "We can only prolong his sufferings," was the dictum of one of them. But whether the improvement in his condition is temporary or not, Lord Randolph has enjoyed considerable relief for several days, and his life is not entirely despaired of.

Mr. S. R. Crockett's farewell to the ministry of Penicuik is not surprising. A successful writer of fiction cannot be blamed for seeking a larger congregation than sits under the pulpit in a small Scotch town. But what did Mr. Crockett mean by telling his friends at Penicuik that he was "called" to carry the "banner of belief" aloft in literature? We do not see that ensign in "The Lilac Sunbonnet."

Wave, Crockett, all thy banners wave,  
And charge with thy theology—

might be an inspiring mandate from Penicuik, but there is no evidence that Mr. Crockett is writing under this impulse. His theological heroes show a pleasant readiness to make love to simple maidens, and very commendable that is, but "the banner of belief" is scarcely conspicuous.

Mrs. Besant has intimated that she may reply to the articles in the *Westminster Gazette* about the Mahatmas three months hence, but, as she talks about her inviolate pledge of secrecy, the promised explanation is already a little shadowy. Meanwhile, the Theosophical Society is rent in twain. There is a William Q. Judge party and an anti-Judge party. No doubt William Q. will receive a message from the Mahatmas presently excommunicating his opponents and threatening them with awful things. But the "old gentleman" who was supposed to live in Thibet, but whose real address appears to be New York, has been too much blown upon lately to frighten anybody. Mrs. Besant's position is painful: she has been deposed by the

Mahatmas, and yet she has to keep up a show of faith in these industrious friends of William Q. Judge.

Lord Monkswell, who is the new Under-Secretary for War, in succession to Lord Sandhurst, the recently appointed Governor of Bombay, is best known to the public for his zeal as member for Haggerston in the London County Council. A more ardent municipal reformer does not live. The first Baron Monkswell, one recalls, was the hero of a great political sensation more than twenty years ago.



Photo by Russell and Sons.

LORD MONKSWELL,  
New Under-Secretary for War.

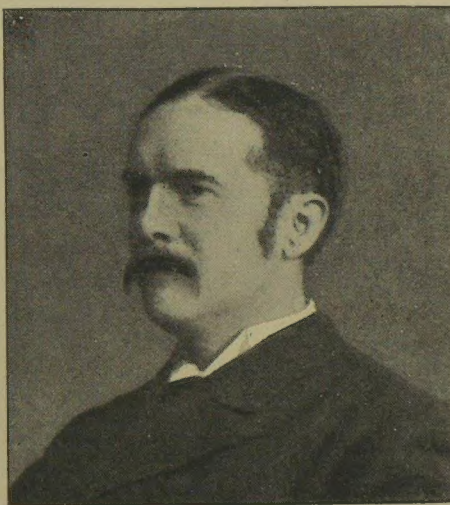
As Sir Robert Collier, he was a Justice of the Common Pleas, and was made by Mr. Gladstone a Judge of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The appointment was vehemently assailed, not on the ground of any personal demerits, but because Mr. Gladstone was held to have violated the strict traditions of official promotion. The storm has long been forgotten, but it was gravely asserted at the time that the appointment of Sir Robert Collier would be regarded by posterity as an indelible proof of Mr. Gladstone's lack of moral sense. Lord Monkswell has been Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen for two years; and this, combined with his new duties at the War Office and his labours on the London County Council, establishes his claim to versatility.

Sir Benjamin Richardson seems to dispute the suggestion which has caused a perfect panic in London that the recent outbreak of typhoid fever is due to oysters. People who are fond of bivalves have been frightened to death by tales of sewage saturating oyster-beds. Sir Benjamin Richardson is endeavouring to calm excited epicures by casting doubts on the sewage theory, but he makes the alarming suggestion that the doctors really know very little about the subject. Apparently they have not studied the oyster, they have only eaten him. Possibly Sir Benjamin is devoted to oysters, and this may account for his unwillingness to believe ill of them.

Sir Andrew Agnew has raised a very interesting controversy in the *Times* over the responsibilities of the directors of picture galleries for the pictures they borrow. It would seem that Sir Andrew lent a portrait of Lady Agnew to the Grafton Galleries, which was returned with a hole through it. It is not pleasant to receive one's art treasures back after many days in sections, and still less pleasant to have the blame laid upon one's servants when the accident was obviously due to carelessness of transit.

Mr. A. J. Balfour has been spending the Christmas holidays at his Scotch country seat, Whittinghame, Prestonskirk. He threw aside all the solemn dignity attaching to the high position he holds in the political world, and acted as a genial showman at some local wax-works. He also entertained the children of the district, and Miss Balfour related some of her recent experiences in Africa to the delighted villagers.

The late Mr. Alexander Keys Moore, who was buried at Highgate Cemetery on Jan. 7, had probably a wider knowledge of all kinds of matters interesting to newspaper-readers than any other editor of a London daily journal. He kept his mind receptive concerning sport as well as politics, and could recall the pedigree and performances of race-horses as well as of statesmen. The columns of the *Morning Post*, which he had edited since 1890, reflected the wide tastes of Mr. Moore. Most editors nowadays have, by force of circumstances, to confine themselves to limited interests. It used to be said that Mr. John Morley grudged any space in the *Pall Mall Gazette* given to mere news. Mr. Moore could talk on cricket just as well as on Church matters, and he was especially glad to meet people who were in sympathy with his love for dogs. Irish setters were his favourites, and more than once he exhibited at dog shows. Like the proprietor of the *Morning Post*, Sir Algernon Borthwick, M.P. (who paid a last tribute of respect at Mr. Moore's funeral), he was an enthusiastic fisherman. Possibly it was his wit which was responsible for that famous telegram which congratulated Sir Algernon on a success with the rod which eclipsed Peter. There were many journalists assembled at the graveside on Jan. 7, who mourn in Mr. Moore a genial friend and a capable editor.

THE LATE MR. ALEXANDER KEYS MOORE,  
Editor of the *Morning Post*.

## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

To the majority of my readers the trial, conviction, and punishment of Captain Alfred Dreyfus present but a faint interest. They do not know and scarcely care whether the unhappy man is guilty or not, and if they give the matter a moment's consideration at all, they will probably come to the conclusion that a set of presumably honourable men would not have passed that terrible sentence of military degradation on any but the most damning evidence. Knowing what I do know of the moral effect of military degradation even on those who have to inflict it, I am inclined to subscribe to that opinion myself. Thus far my comment on the erstwhile captain of artillery, who by the time these lines appear in print will stand branded as a social outcast whom no one, whether civil or military, will dare shake by the hand on the penalty of being looked upon as one contaminated by him.

One can sincerely sympathise with patriotic Frenchmen, to whom the discovery of a supposed traitor of that description must suggest the most bitter reflections. What one cannot and will not sympathise with is the tendency of all Frenchmen to visit, under the guise of patriotism, the sins of one of their own black sheep on inoffensive foreigners. For the Bill laid before the Chamber means that, if it means anything at all. It means that henceforth the foreign visitor will have to confine his perambulations to intra-mural Paris unless he chooses to risk much inconvenience, if not worse. A passport with the due *visa* of the French Consul in London will scarcely be a guarantee against such inconvenience, although it may prevent more serious consequences if its holder be apprehended in the capital itself for alleged spying. For, intelligent as are the commissaires de police in Paris, there is not a single one who on his own responsibility would dare discharge a foreigner brought before him in the face of the statement of a sergent-de-ville that the prisoner's conduct was suspicious. The commissaire would be bound to send the prisoner to the dépôt and place him at the disposal of a *substitut du petit parquet*—read, an assistant procurator of the minor courts—to investigate the charge. The latter, perhaps more intelligent than his subordinate—at any rate, more independent—might see at once the triviality of the accusation and let the prisoner go free. Meanwhile, at least four-and-twenty hours would have gone by, during which the prisoner's life would not have been a happy one.

Nor would it be of the least use for the man thus apprehended to rely upon his knowledge of French. The purer his accent the more intense would be the suspicion aroused. The French, in spite of their frequent contact with us in the capital, do not know much about us. This much they do know, that we are nearly as indifferent linguists as they, and that the Germans, Austrians, Russians, and Scandinavians beat us hollow in that respect. Hence, a foreigner with no accent to speak of is as a matter of course taken to belong to one of those nations, although his passport may proclaim him to be an Englishman. They, the French, pay us, moreover, the indirect compliment of doubting our readiness to enact the spy. It is, perhaps, the only piece of justice they ever vouchsafe to us.

In the provinces, especially within a fortified town near the frontier, the unlucky tourist against whom suspicion had been directed would not be quits with twenty-four hours' incarceration. There is not a single provincial *substitut* or *juge d'instruction* who would dare settle such a matter on his own authority. He would think it his bounden duty to communicate with the military governor of the place, and the military governor would feel compelled to apprise the Minister for War. Justice in France travels more slowly than officialism elsewhere, and officialism everywhere is a Parliamentary train at the best. If the poor traveller who had thus walked into the lions' den issued from it within a fortnight after his apprehension, he might think himself a lucky man. I am not exaggerating; the reader may take my word for it. I am at all times reluctant to obtrude my private affairs in this column. I intended in the spring of this year to take a journey over the battlefields of 1870; I had, in fact, arranged with a well-known contemporary to publish the results of my wanderings. I could have procured for myself a passport; I may say without undue vanity that I speak French without any accent, and that there are probably a dozen eminent men in France who, in the event of a mishap of the kind I alluded to, would come to my rescue. Well, I have abandoned my plan; and I am not absolutely a coward.

I have pointed out the coming evil, but I cannot suggest a remedy. The French have the absolute right to do in their own territory as they like. The greater or lesser influx of travellers in the provinces is of no consequence to them whatsoever. Not so in Paris. The money spent annually by English visitors to Paris amounts to many millions. The hotel managers and shopkeepers of the capital know this better than anyone. Messrs. Cook and Messrs. Gaze are, I take it, patriotic Englishmen. Let them boldly announce their intention of discontinuing their excursion arrangements should this Bill become law. That will bring the French to their senses. And if that is not enough, let some persons of influence start an anti-travelling league with regard to France. Let them meet arbitrariness by arbitrariness. In conclusion, I have been compelled to alter the tenor of "Anecdotal Europe" this week. I trust the reader will not mind this; it has been done in self-defence.

## THE LATE CROWN PRINCE OF SIAM.

The royal family in Siam has sustained a severe bereavement by the death, on Jan. 4, of the Crown Prince, who succumbed to complicated kidney disease. Prince Somdetch Chowfa Maha Vajirunhis was the eldest son of the first Queen, and was born June 27, 1878. According to precedent the heir to the throne of Siam is selected by the Council of State and the chief nobles after the monarch's death, but King Chulalongkorn I. decided to nominate during his lifetime his eldest son as his successor; and accordingly, exactly seven years ago, the young man who has just passed away was designated Crown Prince amid general satisfaction on the part of the nation. The ceremony was attended by tributary princes from all parts of the kingdom, and it is sad at this moment to recall the rejoicings in honour of the heir to the throne. An enlightened course of education at once began, the Crown Prince being taught all that concerned the duties of his anticipated kingly position by an eminent Pali scholar, while Mr. Morant, of New College, Oxford, became his tutor in English studies. Despite the lethargy which was the result of his early environment, the young Prince soon manifested a keen appetite for intellectual food, and rapidly advanced in his knowledge of European literature, affairs, and manners. All the chief events transpiring in the western portion of the globe have been followed by him, at Bangkok with real understanding and interest. It became, as one writes who knew him well, his chief concern to "leave a good name" behind him; and, though he has not been permitted to serve his country on the throne, the Crown Prince has achieved this desire of his heart by the high reputation attained in his brief life. His affection towards his many half-brothers was unmistakable; they joined in his studies and recreations, and received from him a kindly consideration which formerly would have been thought undignified. For three months, at the age of thirteen, he was a novice in a Buddhist monastery, and thereafter a household was formed for him mainly on

European principles. He was taught riding and driving, and was becoming expert in both, besides engaging in gymnastics and fencing with facility. English visitors to Bangkok were the cause of great pleasure to the Crown Prince, whose curiosity as to European customs was insatiable. This leaning towards Great Britain has had its reflection in the large number of Siamese young men who have come to this country as students of law, medicine, and

literature. There is little doubt that, had he lived to ascend the throne, he would have infused many English ideas into the government of Siam. It may be mentioned that the Siamese have the most profound respect for Queen Victoria, and were overjoyed when her Majesty sent a telegram congratulating King Chulalongkorn on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession. All that his son did seemed right in his father's eyes, and King Chulalongkorn's grief at the Prince's death is naturally very great. The Queen - Mother is seriously ill as a result of the sad bereavement; and all the English colony in Bangkok share the widespread regret occasioned by his death. Illness supervened about Dec. 24 last, and although European and Siamese physicians did all that lay in their power, it became evident that the Crown Prince's life could not be saved.

It is considered unlikely that any definite selection of a Crown Prince will be made immediately, but there is already the suggestion that Prince Thoon Kramon Tho, who is at present studying at Ascot College, should be chosen.

Most pathetic letters from Mr. R. L. Stevenson's stepson, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, were published on Jan. 7. In the letter to Mr. Sidney Colvin, who was Stevenson's friend and literary adviser of many years' standing, there is this sentence: "The doctors say that there was nothing to be done. He had reached the end of his power of living. Nothing could have saved him. Thank God, he was spared the long illness that he dreaded. 'I wish to die with my clothes on,' was always his desire. . . . The very day [of his death] he said that he felt so well and strong that if the worst came to the worst in Samoa, with German intriguing for possession, he would go to America and try to raise public opinion by a course of lectures." The funeral on the mountain-top was robbed of the customary signs of woe. "There was no constrained sorrow, no empty faces, no one to stare at the weeping people. Friends all, every one—real friends. Some queer folks among them, too." This was as Stevenson would have wished, especially the last clause.



THE LATE CROWN PRINCE OF SIAM: SOMDETCHE CHOWFA MAHA VAJIRUNHIS.



THE QUEEN OF SIAM.



THE KING OF SIAM: CHULALONGKORN I.



# EVE'S RANSOM

BY GEORGE GISSING



ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

## III.

Instead of making for the railway station, to take a train back to Dudley, he crossed from the northern to the southern extremity of the town, and by ten o'clock was in one of the streets which lead out of Moseley Road. Here, at a house such as lodges young men in business, he made inquiry for "Mr. Narramore," and was forthwith admitted.

Robert Narramore, a long-stemmed pipe at his lips, sat by the fireside; on the table lay the materials of a satisfactory supper—a cold fowl, a ham, a Stilton cheese, and a bottle of wine.

"Hollo! You?" he exclaimed, without rising. "I was going to write to you; thanks for saving me the trouble. Have something to eat?"

"Yes, and to drink likewise."

"Do you mind ringing the bell? I believe there's a bottle of Burgundy left. If not, plenty of Bass."

He stretched forth a languid hand, smiling amiably. Narramore was the image of luxurious indolence; he had pleasant features, dark hair inclined to curliness, a well-built frame set off by good tailoring. His income from the commercial house in which he held a post of responsibility would have permitted him to occupy better quarters than these; but here he had lived for ten years, and he preferred a few inconveniences to the trouble of moving. Trouble of any kind was Robert's bugbear. His progress up the commercial ladder seemed due rather to the luck which favours amiable and good-looking young fellows than to any special ability or effort of his own. The very sound of his voice had a drowsiness which soothed—if it did not irritate—the listener.

"Tell them to lay out the truckle-bed," said Hilliard, when he had pulled the bell. "I shall stay here to-night."

"Good!"

Their talk was merely interjectional, until the visitor had begun to appease his hunger and had drawn the cork of a second bottle of bitter ale.

"This is a great day," Hilliard then exclaimed. "I left Dudley this afternoon feeling ready to cut my throat. Now I'm a free man, with the world before me."

"How's that?"

"Emily's going to take a second husband—that's one thing."

"Heaven be praised! Better than one could have looked for."

Hilliard related the circumstances. Then he drew from his pocket an oblong slip of paper, and held it out.

"Dengate?" cried his friend. "How the deuce did you get hold of this?"

Explanation followed. They debated Dengate's character and motives.

"I can understand it," said Narramore. "When I was a boy of twelve I once cheated an apple-woman out of three-halfpence. At the age of sixteen I encountered the old woman again, and felt immense satisfaction in giving her a shilling. But then, you see, I had done with petty cheating; I wished to clear my conscience, and look my fellow-woman in the face."

"That's it, no doubt. He seems to have got some sort of position in Liverpool society, and he didn't like the thought that there was a poor devil at Dudley who went about calling him a scoundrel. By-the-bye, someone told him that I had taken to liquor, and was on my way to destruction generally. I don't know who it could be."

"Oh, we all have candid friends that talk about us."

"It's true I have been drunk now and then of late. There's much to be said for getting drunk."

"Much," assented Narramore, philosophically.

Hilliard went on with his supper; his friend puffed tobacco, and idly regarded the cheque he was still holding.

"And what are you going to do?" he asked at length.

There came no reply, and several minutes passed in silence. Then Hilliard rose from the table, paced the floor once or twice, selected a cigar from a box that caught his eye, and, in cutting off the end, observed quietly—

"I'm going to live."

"Wait a minute. We'll have the table cleared, and a kettle on the fire."

While the servant was busy, Hilliard stood with an elbow on the mantelpiece, thoughtfully smoking his cigar. At Narramore's request, he mixed two tumblers of whisky toddy, then took a draught from his own, and returned to his former position.

"Can't you sit down?" said Narramore.

"No, I can't."

"What a fellow you are! With nerves like yours, I should have been in my grave years ago. You're going to live, eh?"

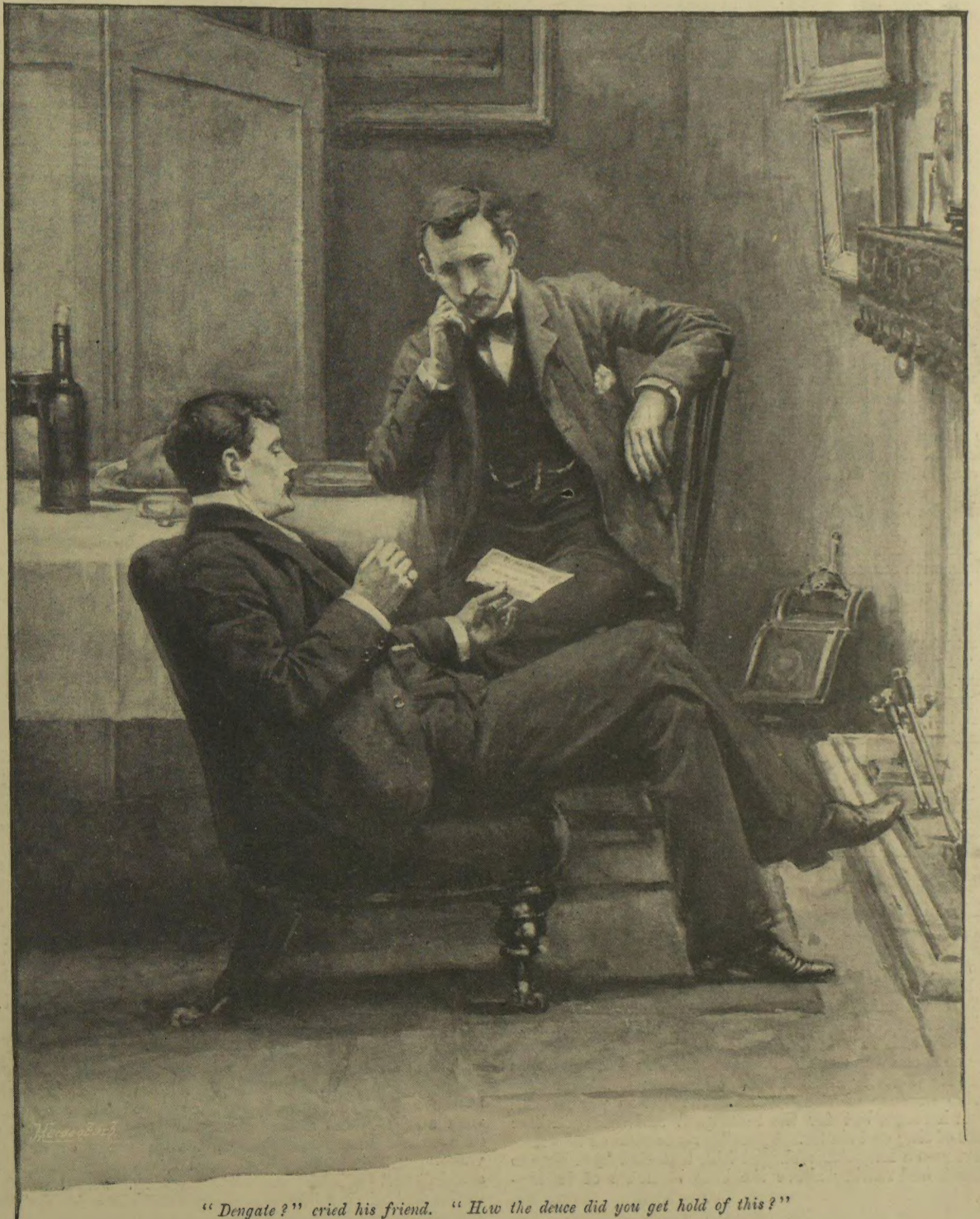
"Going to be a machine no longer. Can I call myself a man? There's precious little difference between a fellow like me and the damned grinding mechanism that I spend my days in drawing—that roars all day in my ears and deafens me. I'll put an end to that. Here's four hundred pounds. It shall mean four hundred pounds' worth of life. While this money lasts, I'll feel that I'm a human being."

"Something to be said for that," commented the listener, in his tone of drowsy impartiality.

"I offered Emily half of it. She didn't want to take it, and the man Marr wouldn't let her. I offered to lay it aside for the child, but Marr wouldn't have that either. It's fairly mine."

"Undoubtedly."

"Think! The first time in my life that I've had money on which no one else had a claim. When the poor old father died, Will and I had to go shares in keeping up the home. Our sister couldn't earn anything; she had her work set in attending to her mother. When mother died, and Marian married, it looked as if I had only myself to look after: then came Will's death, and half my income went to keep his wife and child from the workhouse. You know very well I've never grudged it. It's my faith that we do what we do because anything else would be less agreeable. It was more to my liking to live on a pound a week than to see Emily and the little lass suffer want. I've no right to any thanks or praise for it. But the change has come none too soon. There'd have been a paragraph in the Dudley paper some rainy morning."



"Dengate?" cried his friend. "How the deuce did you get hold of this?"

"Yes, I was rather afraid of that," said Narramore musingly.

He let a minute elapse, whilst his friend paced the room; then added in the same voice:

"We're in luck at the same time. My uncle Sol was found dead this morning."

"Do you come in for much?"

"We don't know what he's left, but I'm down for a substantial fraction in a will he made three years ago. Nobody knew it, but he's been stark mad for the last six months. He took a bed-room out Bordesley way, in a false name, and stored it with a ton or two of tinned meats and vegetables. There the landlady found him lying dead this morning; she learnt who he was from the papers in his pocket. It's come out that he had made friends with some old boozier of that neighbourhood; he told him that England was on the point of a grand financial smash, and that half the population would die of hunger. To secure himself, he began to lay in the stock of tinned provisions. One can't help laughing, poor old chap! That's the result, you see, of a life spent in sweating for money. As a young man he had hard times, and when his invention succeeded, it put him off balance a bit. I've often thought he had a crazy look in his eye. He may have thrown away a lot of his money in mad tricks: who knows?"

"That's the end the human race will come to," said Hilliard. "It'll be driven mad and killed off by machinery. Before long there'll be machines for washing and dressing people—machines for feeding them—machines for—"

His wrathful imagination led him to grotesque ideas which ended in laughter.

"Well, I have a year or two before me. I'll know what enjoyment means. And afterwards—"

"Yes; what afterwards?"

"I don't know. I may choose to come back; I may prefer to make an end. Impossible to foresee my state of mind after living humanly for a year or two. And what shall you do if you come in for a lot of money?"

"It's not likely to be more than a few thousands," replied Narramore. "And the chances are I shall go on in the old way. What's the good of a few thousands? I haven't the energy to go off and enjoy myself in your fashion. One of these days I may think of getting married, and marriage, you know, is devilish expensive. I should like to have three or four thousand a year; you can't start housekeeping on less, if you're not to be bored to death with worries. Perhaps I may get a partnership in our house. I began life in the brass bedstead line, and I may as well stick to brass bedsteads to the end: the demand isn't likely to fall off. Please fill my glass again."

Hilliard, the while, had tossed off his second tumbler. He began to talk at random.

"I shall go to London first of all. I may go abroad. Reckon a pound a day. Three hundred and—how many days are there in a year? Three hundred and sixty-five. That doesn't allow me two years. I want two years of life. Half a sovereign a day, then. One can do a good deal with half a sovereign a day—don't you think?"

"Not very much, if you're particular about your wine."

"Wine doesn't matter. Honest ale and Scotch whisky will serve well enough. Understand me; I'm not going in for debauchery, and I'm not going to play the third-rate swell. There's no enjoyment in making a beast of oneself, and none for me in strutting about the streets like an animated figure out of a tailor's window. I want to know the taste of free life, human life. I want to forget that I ever sat at a desk, drawing to scale—drawing damned machines. I want to—"

He checked himself. Narramore looked at him with curiosity.

"It's a queer thing to me, Hilliard," he remarked, when his friend turned away, "that you've kept so clear of women. Now, anyone would think you were just the fellow to get hobbled in that way."

"I dare say," muttered the other. "Yes, it is a queer thing. I have been saved, I supposed, by the necessity of supporting my relatives. I've seen so much of women suffering from poverty that it has got me into the habit of thinking of them as nothing but burdens to a man."

"As they nearly always are."

"Yes, nearly always."

Narramore pondered with his amiable smile; the other, after a moment's gloom, shook himself free again, and talked with growing exhilaration of the new life that had dawned before him.

#### IV.

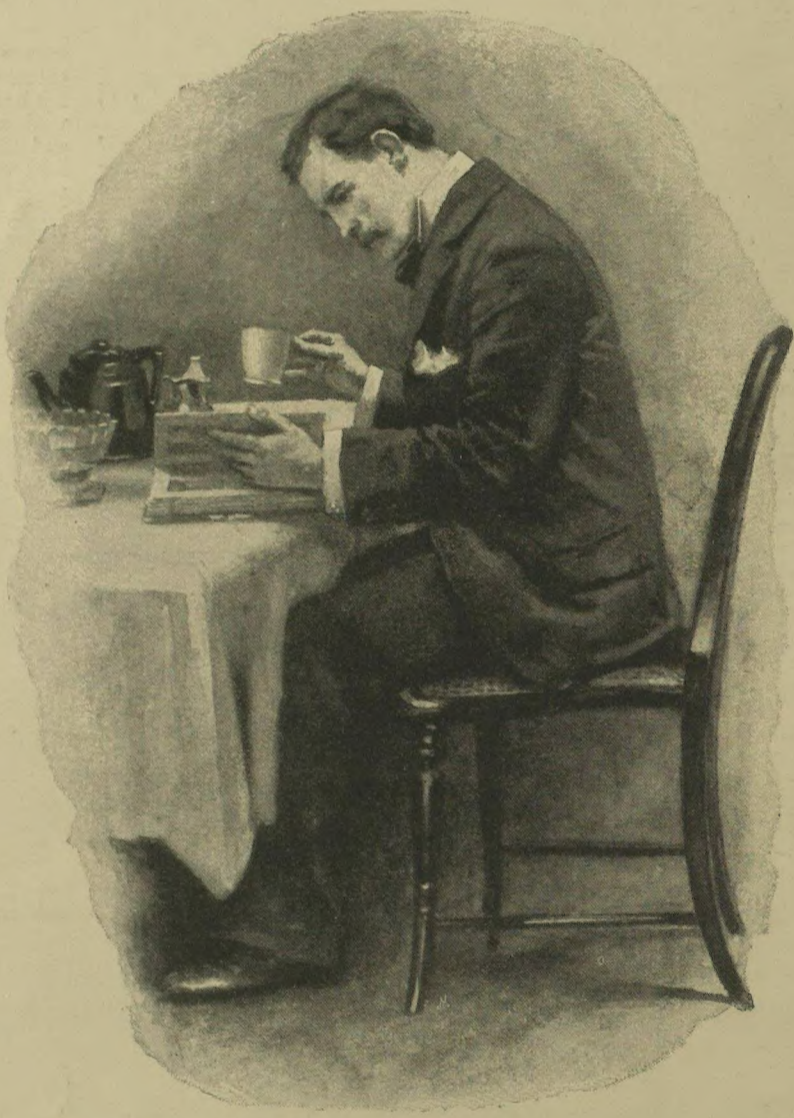
Hilliard's lodgings—they were represented by a single room—commanded a prospect which, to him a weariness and a disgust, would have seemed impressive enough to eyes beholding it for the first time. On the afternoon of his last day at Dudley he stood by the window and looked forth, congratulating himself, with a fierceness of emotion which defied misgiving, that he would gaze no more on this scene of his servitude.

The house was one of a row situated on a terrace, above a muddy declivity marked with footpaths; it looked over a wide expanse of waste ground, covered in places with coarse herbage, but for the most part undulating in bare tracts of slag and cinder. Opposite, some quarter of a mile away, rose a lofty dome-shaped hill, tree-clad from base to summit, and rearing above the bare branches of its tapmost trees the ruined keep of Dudley Castle. Along the foot of this hill ran the highway which descends from Dudley town—hidden by rising ground on the left—to the low-lying railway-station; there, beyond, the eye

traversed a great plain, its limit the blending of earth and sky in lurid cloud. A ray of yellow sunset touched the height and its crowning ruin; at the zenith shone a space of pure pale blue: save for these points of relief the picture was colourless and uniformly sombre. Far and near, innumerable chimneys sent forth fumes of various density: broad-flung jets of steam, coldly white against the murky distance; wan smoke from limekilns, wafted in long trails; reek of solid blackness from pits and forges, voluming aloft and far-floated by the sluggish wind.

Born at Birmingham, the son of a teacher of drawing, Maurice Hilliard had spent most of his life in the Midland capital; to its grammar school he owed an education just sufficiently prolonged to unfit him for the tasks of an underling, yet not thorough enough to qualify him for professional life. In boyhood he aspired to the career of an artist, but his father, himself the wreck of a would-be painter, rudely discouraged this ambition; by way of compromise between the money-earning craft and the beggarly art, he became a mechanical draughtsman. Of late years he had developed a strong taste for the study of architecture; much of his leisure was given to this subject, and what money he could spare went in the purchase of books and prints which helped him to extend his architectural knowledge. In moods of hope, he had asked himself whether it might not be possible to escape from bondage to the gods of iron, and earn a living in an architect's office. That desire was now forgotten in his passionate resolve to enjoy liberty without regard for the future.

All his possessions, save the articles of clothing which he would carry with him, were packed in a couple of trunks, to be sent on the morrow to Birmingham, where they would lie in the care of his friend Narramore.



Unclasping the volume, he opened immediately at this familiar face.

Kinsfolk he had none whom he cared to remember, except his sister; she lived at Wolverhampton, a wife and mother, in narrow but not oppressive circumstances, and Hilliard had taken leave of her in a short visit some days ago. He would not wait for the wedding of his sister-in-law; enough that she was provided for, and that his conscience would always be at ease on her account.

For he was troubled with a conscience—even with one unusually poignant. An anecdote from his twentieth year depicts this feature of the man. He and Narramore were walking one night in a very poor part of Birmingham, and for some reason they chanced to pause by a shop-window—a small window, lighted with one gas-jet, and laid out with a miserable handful of paltry wares; the shop, however, was newly opened, and showed a pathetic attempt at cleanliness and neatness. The friends asked each other how it could possibly benefit anyone to embark in such a business as that, and laughed over the display. While he was laughing, Hilliard became aware of a woman in the doorway, evidently the shopkeeper; she had heard their remarks and looked distressed. Infinitely keener was the pang which Maurice experienced; he could not forgive himself, kept exclaiming how brutally he had behaved, and sank into gloominess. Not very long after, he took Narramore to walk in the same direction; they came again to the little shop, and Hilliard surprised his companion with a triumphant shout. The window was now laid out in a much more promising way, with goods of modest value. "You remember?" said the young man. "I couldn't rest till I had sent her something. She'll wonder to the end of her life who the money came from. But she's made use of it, poor creature, and it'll bring her luck."

Only the hopeless suppression of natural desires, the conflict through years of ardent youth with sordid

circumstances, could have brought him to the pass he had now reached—one of desperation centred in self. Every suggestion of native suavity and prudence was swept away in tumultuous revolt. Another twelvemonth of his slavery and he would have yielded to brutalising influences which rarely relax their hold upon a man. To-day he was prompted by the instinct of flight from peril threatening all that was worthy in him.

Just as the last glimmer of daylight vanished from his room there sounded a knock at the door.

"Your tea's ready, Mr. Hilliard," called a woman's voice.

He took his meals downstairs in the landlady's parlour. Appetite at present he had none, but the pretence of eating was a way of passing the time; so he descended and sat down at the prepared table.

His wandering eyes fell on one of the ornaments of the room—Mrs. Brewer's album. On first coming to live in the house, two years ago, he had examined this collection of domestic portraits, and subsequently, from time to time, had taken up the album to look at one photograph which interested him. Among an assemblage of types excelling in ugliness of feature and hideousness of costume—types of toil-worn age, of ungainly middle life, and of youth lacking every grace, such as are exhibited in the albums of the poor—there was discoverable one female portrait in which, the longer he gazed at it, Hilliard found an ever-increasing suggestiveness of those qualities he desired in woman. Unclasping the volume, he opened immediately at this familiar face. A month or two had elapsed since he last regarded it, and the countenance took possession of him with the same force as ever.

It was that of a young woman probably past her twentieth year. Unlike her neighbours in the album, she had not bedizened herself before sitting to be portrayed. The abundant hair was parted simply and smoothly from her forehead and tightly plaited behind; she wore a linen collar, and, so far as could be judged from the portion included in the picture, a homely cloth gown. Her features were comely and intelligent, and exhibited a gentleness, almost a meekness, of expression which was as far as possible from seeming affected. Whether she smiled or looked sad Hilliard had striven vainly to determine. Her lips appeared to smile, but in so slight a degree that perchance it was merely an effect of natural line; whereas, if the mouth were concealed, a profound melancholy at once ruled the visage.

Who she was Hilliard had no idea. More than once he had been on the point of asking his landlady, but characteristic delicacies restrained him: he feared Mrs. Brewer's mental comment, and dreaded the possible disclosure that he had admired a housemaid or someone of yet lower condition. Nor could he trust his judgment of the face: perhaps it shone only by contrast with so much ugliness on either side of it; perhaps, in the starved condition of his senses, he was ready to find perfection in any female countenance not frankly repulsive.

Yet, no; it was a beautiful face. Beautiful, at all events, in the sense of being deeply interesting, in the strength of its appeal to his emotions. Another man might pass it slightly; to him it spoke as no other face had ever spoken. It awakened in him a consciousness of profound sympathy.

While he still sat at table his landlady came in. She was a worthy woman of her class, not given to vulgar gossip. Her purpose in entering the room at this moment was to ask Hilliard whether he had a likeness of himself which he could spare her, as a memento.

"I'm sorry I don't possess such a thing," he answered laughing, surprised that the woman should care enough about him to make the request. "But, talking of photographs, would you tell me who this is?"

The album lay beside him, and a feeling of embarrassment, as he saw Mrs. Brewer's look rest upon it, impelled him to the decisive question.

"That? Oh! that's a friend of my daughter Martha's—Eve Madeley. I'm sure I don't wonder at you noticing her. But it doesn't do her justice; she's better looking than that. It was took better than two years ago—why, just before you came to me, Mr. Hilliard. She was going away—to London."

"Eve Madeley." He repeated the name to himself, and liked it.

"She's had a deal of trouble, poor thing," pursued the landlady. "We was sorry to lose sight of her, but glad, I'm sure, that she went away to do better for herself. She hasn't been home since then, and we don't hear of her coming, and I'm sure nobody can be surprised. But our Martha heard from her not so long ago—why, it was about Christmas-time."

"Is she?"—he was about to add, "in service?" but could not voice the words. "She has an engagement in London?"

"Yes; she's a bookkeeper, and earns her pound a week. She was always clever at figures. She got on so well at the school that they wanted her to be a teacher, but she didn't like it. Then Mr. Reckitt, the ironmonger, a friend of her father's, got her to help him with his books and bills of an evening, and when she was seventeen, because his business was growing and he hadn't much of a head for figures himself, he took her regular into the shop. And glad she was to give up the school-teaching, for she could never bear it."

"You say she had a lot of trouble?"

"Ah, that indeed she had! And all her father's fault. But for him, foolish man, they might have been a well-to-do family. But he's had to suffer for it himself, too. He

lives up here on the hill, in a poor cottage, and takes wages as a timekeeper at Robinson's when he ought to have been paying men of his own. The drink—that's what it was. When our Martha first knew them they were living at Walsall, and if it hadn't a' been for Eve they'd have had no home at all. Martha got to know her at the Sunday school; Eve used to teach a class. That's seven or eight years ago; she was only a girl of sixteen, but she had the ways of a grown-up woman, and very lucky it was for them belonging to her. Often and often they've gone for days with nothing but a dry loaf, and the father spending all he got at the public."

"Was it a large family?" Hilliard inquired.

"Well, let me see; at that time there was Eve's two sisters and her brother. Two other children had died, and the mother was dead, too. I don't know much about her, but they say she was a very good sort of woman, and it's likely the eldest girl took after her. A quieter and modester girl than Eve there never was. Our Martha lived with her aunt at Walsall—that's my only sister, and she was bed-ridden, poor thing, and had Martha to look after her. And when she died, and Martha came back here to us, the Madeley family came here as well, 'cause the father got some kind of work. But he couldn't keep it, and he went off I don't know where, and Eve had the children to keep and look after. We used to do what we could to help her, but it was a cruel life for a poor thing of her age—

"Does she seem to be happier now?"

"She hasn't wrote more than once or twice, but she's doing well, and whatever happens she's not the one to complain. It's a blessing she's always had her health. No doubt she's made friends in London, but we haven't heard about them. Martha was hoping she'd have come for Christmas, but it seems she couldn't get away for long enough from business. I'd tell you her address, but I don't remember it. I've never been in London myself. Martha knows it, of course. She might look in to-night, and if she does I'll ask her."

Hilliard allowed this suggestion to pass without remark. He was not quite sure that he desired to know Miss Madeley's address.

But later in the evening, when, after walking for two or three hours about the cold, dark roads, he came in to have his supper and go to bed, Mrs. Brewer smilingly offered him a scrap of paper.

"There," she said, "that's where she's living. London's a big place, and you mayn't be anywhere near, but if you happened to walk that way, we should take it kindly if you'd just leave word that we're always glad to hear from her, and hope she's well."

With a mixture of reluctance and satisfaction the young man took the paper, glanced at it, and folded it to put in his pocket. Mrs. Brewer was regarding him, and he felt that his silence must seem ungracious.

## LORD WOLVERTON'S WEDDING.

The year has begun brilliantly, in a social sense, with the marriage of Lord Wolverton and Lady Edith Ward, only daughter of Georgina, Countess of Dudley. The ceremony at St. Mary Abbott's Church, Kensington, on Jan. 5, was graced with the presence of the Prince of Wales and very many members of the aristocracy. The bridegroom, Frederick Glyn, fourth Baron Wolverton, is thirty years of age, and succeeded his brother in the peerage six years ago. The title was only created in 1869. Yet it has been held already by four Barons. The first Peer represented Kendal in Parliament for twenty-one years. He was an eminent London banker and a Governor of Harrow School. His son, the second Lord Wolverton, was Postmaster-General for a short period and a man of the most generous disposition, which has caused his memory to be cherished in high esteem at St. Martin's-le-Grand. His nephew, the third Lord Wolverton, only enjoyed the title for barely nine months, and was succeeded by the present Peer. Lord Wolverton is Deputy-Lieutenant for the county of Dorset, where he has a charming country seat, Iwerne Manor, near Blandford. It is at Iwerne that the honeymoon is being spent. The bridegroom has been for a short time Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen.

Lady Edith Ward is the only daughter of the first Earl of Dudley by his second wife, Georgina, Countess of Dudley,



Photo by Kirk and Son, West Cowes.

Photo by Alice Hughes, Gutter Street.

## A FASHIONABLE WEDDING.

just when she ought to have been enjoying her life, as you may say."

Hilliard's interest waxed.

"Then," pursued Mrs. Brewer, "the next sister to Eve, Laura her name was, went to Birmingham, into a sweetstuff shop, and that was the last ever seen or heard of her. She wasn't a girl to be depended upon, and I never thought she'd come to good, and whether she's alive or dead there's no knowing. Eve took it to heart, that she did. And not six months after, the other girl had the 'sipelas, and she died, and just as they were carrying her coffin out of the house, who should come up but her father! He'd been away for nearly two years, just sending a little money now and then, and he didn't even know the girl had been ailing. And when he saw the coffin, it took him so that he fell down just like a dead man. You wouldn't have thought it, but there's no knowing what goes on in people's minds. Well, if you'll believe it, from that day he was so changed we didn't seem to know him. He turned quite religious, and went regular to chapel, and has done ever since; and he wouldn't touch a drop of anything, tempt him who might. It was a case of conversion, if ever there was one."

"So there remained only Eve and her brother?"

"Yes. He was a steady lad, Tom Madeley, and never gave his sister much trouble. He earns his thirty shillings a week now. Well, and soon after she saw her father going on all right, Eve left home. I don't wonder at it; it wasn't to be expected she could forgive him for all the harm and sorrows he'd caused. She went to Birmingham for a few months, and then she came back one day to tell us she'd got a place in London. And she brought that photo to give us to remember her by. But, as I said, it isn't good enough."

"I will certainly call and leave your message," he said. Up in his bed-room he sat for a long time with the paper lying open before him. And when he slept his rest was troubled with dreams of an anxious search about the highways and byways of London for that half-sad, half-smiling face which had so wrought upon his imagination.

Long before daylight he awoke at the sound of bells and hootings and whistlings, which summoned the Dudley workfolk to their labour. For the first time in his life he heard these hideous noises with pleasure: they told him that the day of his escape had come. Unable to lie still, he rose at once, and went out into the chill dawn. Thoughts of Eve Madeley no longer possessed him; a glorious sense of freedom excluded every recollection of his past life, and he wandered aimlessly with a song in his heart.

At breakfast, the sight of Mrs. Brewer's album tempted him to look once more at the portrait, but he did not yield.

"Shall we ever see you again, I wonder?" asked his landlady, when the moment arrived for leave-taking.

"If I am ever again in Dudley, I shall come here," he answered kindly.

But on his way to the station he felt a joyful assurance that fate would have no power to draw him back again into this circle of fiery torments.

(To be continued.)

## TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred and Five (from July 7 to December 29, 1894) of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, *Gratis*, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 193, Strand, W.C., London.

whose beauty has been in no small measure transferred to Lord Wolverton's bride. She is twenty-two years of age, and has six brothers, the eldest of whom is the present Earl of Dudley. She was accompanied to the chancel steps by two pages (the Hon. Montague Bertie and Master Antony Rothschild) and six bridesmaids. The latter were Miss Blanche Forbes, cousin of the bride, the Hon. Alexandra Bertie, niece of the bridegroom, the Ladies Alice and Mary Montagu, twin daughters of the Duchess of Manchester, Lady Sophie Cadogan, and Lady Theodosia Acheson. Mr. Cecil Grenfell was the bridegroom's best man. The officiating clergymen were the Rev. the Hon. Edward Carr Glyn, Vicar of Kensington and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, and the Rev. Piers L. Claughton, Rector of Hutton, Brentwood. The first-named is uncle of Lord Wolverton, and Mr. Claughton is cousin of the bride.

The report that St. Saviour's, Southwark, is to become a cathedral is premature. The rector has not surrendered any of his rights, and the restoration of the fabric will not be complete until the spring of 1896.

Yet another new magazine! The *Footpath*, which has just made its first appearance, is intended to be specially devoted to pedestrianism and the study of natural history. As in these days of railways, cabs, trams, cycles, and omnibuses, we are in serious danger of neglecting the most healthy and natural recreation of walking, the *Footpath* should accomplish a useful mission. Its first issue, which might be called its "first footing," suffers from many of the defects which afflict the childhood of magazines. It certainly needs illustrations to brighten its pages; a more consistent style of type will be an improvement, and less local allusions would be an advantage.

LORD GORING (MR. C. HAWTREY) Burning the Compromising Letter.



MABEL CHILTERN (MISS MAUDE MILLETT):  
"I find the Earl of Caversham's conversation much more improving than yours."

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN (MR. LEWIS WALLER).

MRS. CHEVELEY (MISS FLORENCE WEST):  
"Ask him to what you owe your position."

LADY CHILTERN (MISS JULIA NEILSON).

MR. OSCAR WILDE'S NEW PLAY, "AN IDEAL HUSBAND," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.



MR. HENRY JAMES'S NEW PLAY, "GUY DOMVILLE," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

GUY DOMVILLE (MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER) AND MRS. PEVEREL (MISS MARION TERRY) IN THE GARDEN AT PORCHES.



BEAR-HUNTERS IN MONTANA: VICTORS AND VANQUISHED.

## LITERATURE.

## MR. FRANK HARRIS'S STORIES.

*Elder Conklin, and Other Stories.* By Frank Harris. (W. Heinemann, 1894.)—This volume contains half-a-dozen stories, all or nearly all of which have appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*. They are of unequal merit, and the book has one conspicuous omission. If we remember rightly, Mr. Harris wrote the powerful story of the man who deliberately fired his warehouse to save himself from ruin with the help of the insurance money, and who, returning to the burning building, rushed into the flames to rescue some forgotten creature at the risk of his own life. No suspicion fell on the man who showed such heroism, and to his unspeakable wonder it became the foundation of a new fortune and a new prestige. When that story was published many readers must have noted it as a striking illustration of the strange tangle of good and ill which comes from the loom of life, though few novelists and still fewer moralists ever seize its significance. It is singular that Mr. Harris should have left out of this volume so considerable an achievement, which most judges, we imagine, would set far above "The Best Man in Garotte" or "Gulmore the Boss." The story of Mr. Gulmore scarcely repays the labour which has evidently been bestowed upon it, but "Elder Conklin" and "A Modern Idyll" exhibit the full scope of Mr. Harris's unquestionable faculty. The struggle between passion and conscience in the Rev. Mr. Lettgood is skilfully contrasted with the utter levity of the woman who conquers his scruples by sheer animalism, and makes the act which wears for the world the air of self-sacrifice a surrender to abject baseness. It is not a pleasant study, but it is intensely human, and its dramatic force has the inevitableness of fate. In "Elder Conklin" the love of the old farmer for his daughter—a love which drives him to roguery and to penitential prayer in his nightshirt in the middle of the ice-cold brook—is wonderfully vivid in its mingling of the grotesque with pathetic grimness. Mr. Harris is much more successful with *Loo Conklin* than with *May Hutehings* in "Gulmore the Boss"—with the primitive animal type of womanhood than with the refined and spiritual product. Probably it is the attraction of temperament to the elemental phases of human nature which has placed the scenes of Mr. Harris's tales in the crude civilisation of the western States of America. He seems instinctively drawn to a sphere in which life is cheap and motive forces are not complex. In "The Sheriff and his Partner," the administration of the law is entirely subordinated to the merits of a private feud, unexplained to the general community, and adjusted by shooting at sight. In four stories out of the six the revolver or the shot-gun plays a conspicuous part. The element of brute force is used by Mr. Harris with no little power, and sometimes with real art; but it is apt to pall on readers who live under social conditions which leave coercion to the police, and do not make a pistol-pocket imperative to every citizen. Besides, Mr. Harris has given proofs of his versatility, and we hope that further essays in fiction will extend them.

## DEAN HOLE'S MEMORIES.

*More Memories: Being Thoughts about England Spoken in America.* By the Very Rev. S. Reynolds Hole, Dean of Rochester. (Arnold.)—Dean Hole's preface is so brief and so much to the point that it may profitably be quoted in full: "Receiving simultaneously requests for 'More Memories' and invitations to give lectures in America, I have endeavoured in this volume to combine my compliance with a very grateful appreciation of the honour conferred upon me." Internal evidence seems to show that the lectures have been printed just as they were delivered—with no alteration, at least, beyond the breaking up of the set into convenient chapters. The natural result is a book which must have less interest for the British than for the American public, and which on a different plan might have been made vastly more interesting for the latter. The "combined compliance" was by no means a happy thought, for the scheme necessarily involved the exclusion from the lectures of the cream of the lecturer's reminiscences already skimmed off in his delightful "Memories of Dean Hole," and the inclusion in the book of a great deal of matter which is pointless when addressed to Englishmen. The plain truth is that, however entertaining the lectures may have proved when aided by the magnetic voice and presence of the speaker, they read somewhat flatly, as a rambling book *de omnibus rebus* is apt to do when the rambler is not a Montaigne or a Charles Lamb. That the Dean had some consciousness of his temptations is evident from a deprecating remark in the first chapter—"Let me entreat you to forgive me and not to denounce me as frivolous, or in my anecdotalage if I am carried away now and then by my irresistible love of the humorous, because I can no more suppress a good story when it rises to my lips than a moneyless schoolboy can repress a sigh when he passes a confectioner's shop." Unfortunately, many of the good stories which would not be denied must have been recognised as "chestnuts"; but there are a few fresh ones, and they are the salt of the book. One of these is of a clergyman who called on the wife of a "bookie" who had failed to fulfil a promise to attend service on a particular Sunday: "Well, Sir," explained the wife, "the fact is he was obliged to go from home on a little racing business, but he left word that he should be with you in spirit." Another is of a muscular vicar in a mining district who was asked by a collier to train him for a "mill," promising, in case of success, to "give him a pound for t' new church winder." A third as racy of the soil is none the worse for lack of the Dean's voucher. A labourer, asking for a shilling, explains how he comes to be out of work: he had been living with Farmer Skinfint—"Well, the old cow died, and we had to eat her; and then the old sow died, and we had to eat her; and the old woman died—and I left."

## A LONDON LETTER.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson was so admirable and so prolific a letter-writer that we may expect a considerable number to be published at an early date. Perhaps the most characteristic that I have seen is that written to a photographer who had asked him to sit for his portrait. "I shall not occupy your time more than ten minutes," wrote the gentle knight of the camera, who doubtless thought of Mr. Stevenson as resident at Battersea or Brixton. The novelist replied, kindly enough, to the effect that it would take him more than ten minutes to cross the Pacific.

Another interesting letter is addressed to Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, who permits me to publish an extract. The letter was entirely unsolicited, and was written in reference to a signed article by Mr. Le Gallienne which appeared in the *Speaker*. It bears date Dec. 28, 1893, and is addressed from Vailima—

"You are to conceive me," says Mr. Stevenson, "as only too ready to make the acquaintance of a man who loves good literature and can make it. I have to thank you besides for a triumphant exposure of a paradox of my own . . . and yet I shall let the passage stand. It is an error, but it illustrates the truth for which I was contending, that literature, painting, all art, are no other than pleasures which we turn into trades."

"And more than all this, I had and I have to thank you for the intimate loyalty you have shown to myself; for the eager welcome that you give to what is good—for the courtly tenderness with which you touch on my defects. I begin to grow old; I have given my top-note, I fancy; and I have written too many books. The world begins to be weary of the old booth; or if not weary, familiar, with the familiarity that breeds contempt. I do not know that I am sensitive to criticism if it be hostile; I am sensitive indeed when it is friendly; and when I read such criticism as yours I am emboldened to go on and praise God."

"You are still young; and you may live to do much. The little, artificial popularity of style in England tends, I think, to die out. . . . There is trouble coming, I think; and you may have to hold the fort for us in evil days."

"Lastly, let me apologise for the crucifixion that I am inflicting on you (*bien à contre-cœur*) by my handwriting. I was once the best of writers; landladies, puzzled as to my 'trade,' used to have their honest bosoms set at rest by a sight of a page of manuscript—'Ah,' they would cry, 'no wonder they pay you for that!'—and when I sent it in to the printers, it was given to the boys! I was about thirty-six, I think, when I had a turn of scrivener's palsy; my hand got worse; and for the first time, I received clean proofs. But it has gone beyond that now. I know I am like my old friend James Payn, a terror to correspondents; and you would not believe the care with which this has been written."

The announcement that Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson once expressed a desire to write a *Life of Hazlitt* in the "English Men of Letters" series, and that the editor, Mr. John Morley, refused the offer, is characteristic of much that pertained to Mr. John Morley's editorship of the "English Men of Letters." A great number of books in that series were as admirable as it was possible to conceive of. Nothing could have been better than Mr. Morley's own book on Burke, and nothing could be better than Mr. Leslie Stephen's little volumes. At the same time, there were many singular omissions, and many books were given into the hands of quite incompetent people. It is scarcely possible to imagine a worse treatment of Carlyle than characterised one volume of the series, and a worse treatment of Thackeray than characterised another.

Yes, we lost a great treasure to literature by the absence of Mr. Stevenson's biography of Hazlitt, and the fact that Mr. Morley refused the proposition to include Keble in the "English Men of Letters" is but a poor compensation, if, indeed, Keble was not entitled to a place there. It is a pity that the series is still so incomplete. Nothing is more remarkable, for example, than the absence of biographies of Richardson, Jane Austen, Fanny Burney, and others.

Who is the best paid writer in the English language? Not one of my British readers will guess, for not one in ten thousand has read a line of the author. According to the *Critic*, it is Mrs. Burton Harrison. "Mr. Kipling," says the *Critic*, "is supposed to be the best paid, as he is said to get thirteen cents a word; but Mrs. Harrison has beaten this record with 'A Bachelor Maid,' for which she was paid thirteen and one-third cents a word."

The *Critic* insists that America is producing very few books of importance, and that, with the exception of Mr. Crawford, Mrs. Burnett, Miss Wilkins, and one or two more, they have no really good writers. "If any American author has a 'Trilby' among his manuscripts," says the *Critic*, "let him produce it and see how quickly it will be snapped up. His nationality would not stand against him. Or if there are any 'Marcellas,' 'Windows in Thrums,' 'Stickit Ministers,' 'Prisoners of Zenda,' or 'Manxmen' stowed away in the pigeon-holes of our authors, let them send them to a publisher by the fleetest messenger they can find."

All this is in reference to a complaint that American authors are not making much money out of the new international copyright, while their British brethren are making "a pile." Let me assure my American friends that if a vote could be taken throughout Great Britain of the people interested in the production of books, an overwhelming majority would prefer to see the abandonment of international copyright. A handful of popular authors have made some additional money, but as against this, the poor author has gained nothing, and the poor printer has suffered infinitely. Book after book comes to me which has obviously been set up in America in order to secure American copyright. I wonder how long the British workman will stand this?

C. K. S.

## A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

It is fitting that the new editorship of the *New Review* should be first in the field of periodical literature with an appreciation of Stevenson. Mr. William Archer has done this with sympathy and insight, and if for nothing else, his article is notable for absolutely the ultimate criterion of Stevenson's style. It seems, says Mr. Archer, like the "physical emanation" of the subject. I do not believe that what we all feel in reading Stevenson's prose can be put more exactly and more happily than that. But I wish Mr. Henley had not marred this satisfaction by printing two poems which do no manner of justice to a great master of diction. The idea of the first poem—the silent battle of evolution in the woods—is admirable, and there are graphic touches in the execution; but how infinitely better Stevenson would have written it if the temptation to cabin himself in verse had been resisted! As for "Mater Triumphans," it has the bad eminence of containing one sin of sheer vulgarity to be found in all its author's writings. What would have happened had a poem by Jones or Smith been submitted to Mr. Henley with the frightful line in which the mother imagines the day when the boy now groping in her bosom will "load the ladies with rings"? This is not Parnassus; it is Houndsditch. I wonder, too, whether Mr. Henley's eye lighted on the last paragraph of George Fleming's story, "The Next House," before he went to press. A jilted lover is surveying the domicile of the faithless lady, when her husband drives up in a hansom. He goes into the house, and the disconsolate adorer takes the cab, reflecting bitterly that he is sitting on the cushions which "Her husband" has warmed! For bathos that would be hard to beat. The best thing in this number of the *New Review* is a scientific fantasy by Mr. Wells, whose professor scuds through futurity on a "time-machine."

The politicians are still harping on the Lords in the *Nineteenth Century*, the *National Review*, and the *Fortnightly*. Sir Stafford Northcote makes the brilliant suggestion in the *National Review* that the opinions of members of the House of Commons should be judged not by mere majorities, but by length of political experience. Take away the young men, he says, and where would the Radicals be? It is now to some of us that there are any young men in the House. The one extremely youthful personage I have ever seen there was Mr. Gladstone. The rest conduct themselves, as soon as they take the oath, like patriarchs. There is something extremely antique, for instance, in Mr. Keir Hardie, who proposes in the *Nineteenth Century* that unearned incomes shall be taxed to extinction in order to provide a fund for the benefit of the "unemployed." To take away an unearned income and give it to somebody who does not earn anything, and then to extinguish it by taxation, is a policy which smacks of second childhood. Professor Graham remarks in the same review that Keir Hardieism leads to civil war, but I observe that the extinction of war, as well as of unearned incomes, is part of Mr. Hardie's programme. I wish the "time-machine" had not been in such a hurry. It would be interesting to know how they manage their aged politicians in the year 3000. It may be taken for granted, however, that in that year the descendants of Messrs. Harper Brothers will be apologising to the descendants of Mr. Whistler. In the current number of *Harper's*, on a conspicuous fly-sheet, appears again the grief of the proprietors for the original passage about Mr. Whistler in "Trilby." May I venture to suggest to "Old Moore" that he should make a point of predicting this in every issue of his Almanack? I hope that, for the sake of the gaiety of nations, Mr. Whistler keeps a diary; if so, many entries may run something like this: "Jan. 1. Began portrait which wipes out Velasquez. Cabled New York for apology from Harpers. April 1. People still believe in Velasquez. Made Harpers paste apology on Statue of Liberty in New York Harbour. July 1. That beggar Velasquez still alive. Harper's apology all over Rocky Mountains with advertisements of pills and sarsaparilla. October 1. Made my will, leaving Velasquez to perdition and Harper's apology to National Gallery."

The Froude letters in *Blackwood* are eclipsed by Mrs. Alexander Ireland's reminiscences in the *Contemporary*. Here Froude figures as a Carlyle, at secondhand, with a dash of original brutality. On one occasion he took his daughter and Mrs. Ireland for a sail, and when they were overtaken by a squall, he found a malignant enjoyment in torturing the nerves of a woman. But the crowning stroke of the article is the remark, possibly in unconscious irony, that Froude withheld from the public more about Carlyle than can ever be known. Professor Hales strives to make out in the *Contemporary* that there was something in common between Shakspeare and the Puritans, and he imagines the poet entertaining a "preacher" at New Place with a great deal of claret. The "preacher," whoever he was, may have been of Sir Toby's opinion about cakes and ale; but what this has to do with Puritanism I cannot understand. Perhaps "General" Booth will tell us next that the author of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" foreshadowed the Salvation Army. To find a professor solemnly assuring us that Shakspeare's deep regard for the Puritans was shown by the change of Sir John Oldcastle's name to Falstaff makes one wish that professors would leave Shakspeare alone, and confine themselves to professorial functions. Somebody writes agreeably about Froissart in *Macmillan's*, without attempting to point shallow morals; and Ouida is undeniably in her element in the *Nineteenth Century* on the sufferings of birds at the hands of brutal man. What a nice, comfortable world it would be if we were all endowed with Ouida's imagination! Fancy the British merchant sending away his kipper at breakfast because he pictured the agonies of the poor herring when it was snatched by a hard-hearted fisherman from its beloved ocean! If anybody is upset by Ouida, he will find a solid distraction in Mr. Soames's "Life of Buonaparte" in the *Century*, which promises to be a monument of research. For lighter entertainment there is the inexhaustible Bret Harte in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and the unlimited Anthony Hope in the *English Illustrated*, not to mention a Pagan article by Tighe Hopkins on the social traditions of New Year's Day.

L. F. AUSTIN.

# ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XXXVII.

## Eastwell Park.

"THE world itself is but a great ball cast down into the air to sport the stars, and all the depopulations of kingdoms, and ruins of empires, is but their pastime; so I may likewise infer that great families, from their tumblings and rollings, are but the mockery and disports of time, and so it appeared here." These potent words—spoken about Eastwell by Thomas Philipott, in his "*Villare Cantianum*"—can but arouse a desire to know more of a place and of families which could inspire remarks so original and profound: and Defoe's brief saying that the park is the finest in England is, to the material mind, even more attractive.

Eastwell is in Kent, south-east of London some fifty-six miles, not far from the ancient town of Ashford. Journeying from London, some while after the rich green woods and scarlet houses of Chislehurst are passed, you come into a land which, under a bright August sun, looks to be all light and dark—there is little warmth of colour, a picture in black and white could almost give the effect of it. The white roads of Kent, a high light here and there on a gleaming cow, sheep of a duller white dotted over the fields, white willows shivering in the wind: these stand out, with the woods almost black in the sunlight, against the hillsides of the colourless grass of late summer.

This, at least, is the impression one gets hurrying by in the train; and one is apt to wish for scenery softer and more rich in colour, or for a less vivid time of year at which to see it. But when one has reached the luxurious little town of Ashford—abounding in telephones and other advantages of civilisation—the three-mile drive to Eastwell Park is started among gentler tones. The up and down of the road passes by farmhouses, villages, woods and little valleys—and, above all, hop-gardens, rich in greenery and the quaint conical "oasts," or hophouses, that are so many signposts to tell us "This is Kent."

A tall grey archway, breaking a line of low brick wall overhung with trees, is the main entrance to the park; it has turrets and an arch of a graceful modern Gothic, and

within it is a little gallery hung with pictures. This is, as it were, the state entrance; and unless you are anybody very particular you will probably have to drive along in the shadow of the high trees, until you reach a more modest gate, opposite an old picturesque farmhouse. In your drive you will have passed yet another gate, not used at present; the park has five gates in all in its seven miles of wall, and within this wall are some three thousand acres of valley and hill.

The road goes round to Westwell, the necessary complement of East; for, strange to say, the obvious derivation of this name is the true one. "It is written in antient records *Est-welles* and *Estwelle*, and sometimes only *Welles*, taking its name from the springs with which it is watered," says Hasted, in his huge History of Kent; and as lately as 1828 we find it pronounced distinctly East Well, with the emphasis on the second word—

Come from *East Well*, where the rabbits were smother'd, says an election song, which goes to the tune of "The Blue Bonnets." History knows of no other allusion to the fate of those rabbits, but the park is still alive with rabbit-warrens. At Westwell, one may note, is an Early English church with very remarkable stained-glass windows; and in the parish lived Alexander Iden, and killed Jack Cade in his garden there.

There was formerly free access to this park for all comers, but here, as elsewhere in Kent, stray visitors despoiled the trees, and now the ill behaviour of some has closed the grounds to all. Having business, however, we may pass the lodge which faces that pretty farmhouse, and leave behind the great band of limes that shelters this entrance to the park: a long narrow wood of tall trees, close-planted, but with a glimpse now and then of the blue beyond, and sunlight here and there striking through to the slender stems.

Much wood has been cut in the park, though, of course, much remains. The Earl of Winchilsea has not been

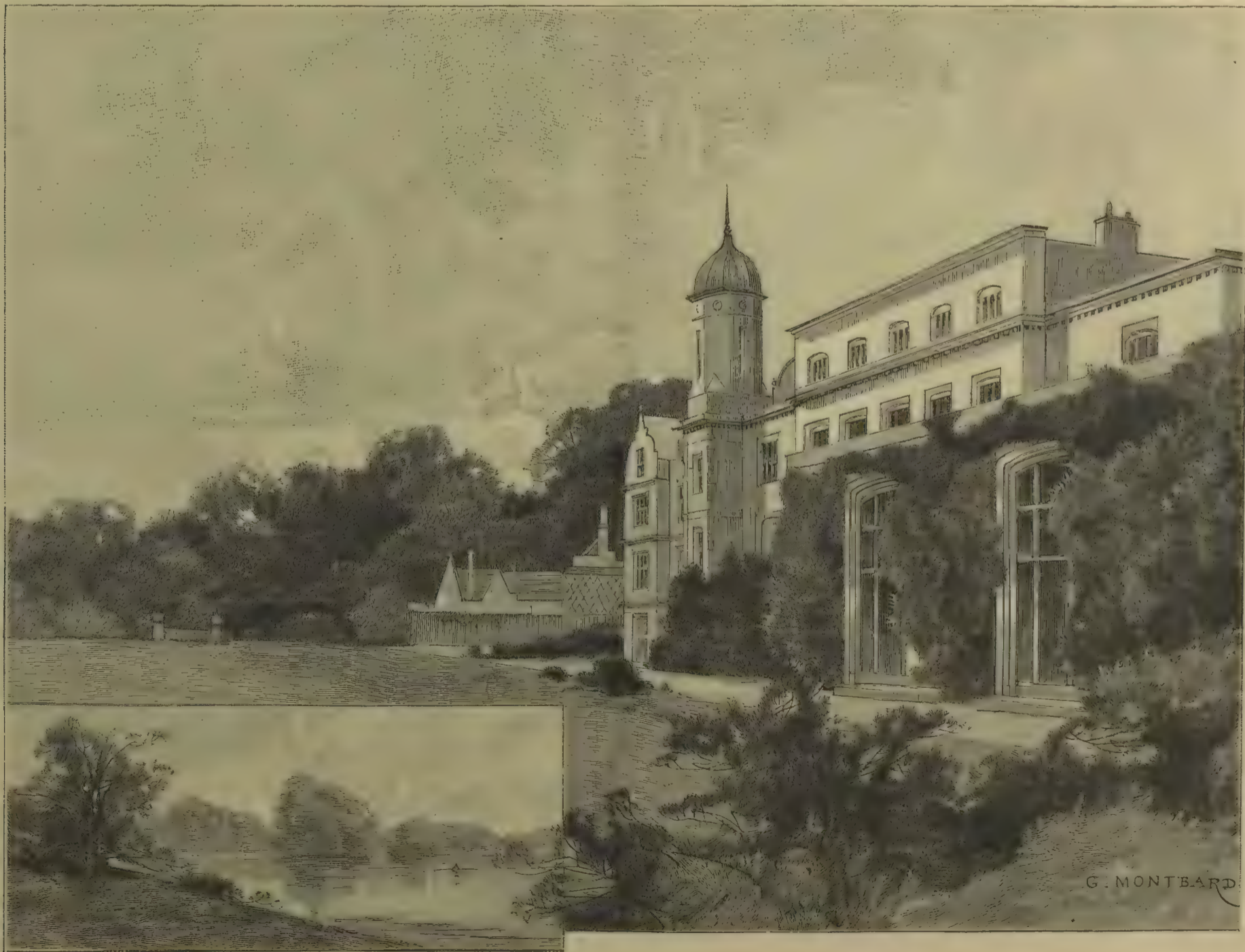
mindful of the fate of one of his ancestors who defied an ancient superstition. Aubrey, telling us that it is unlucky to cut down oak-wood, says that he "cannot omit taking notice of the great misfortunes in the family of the Earl of Winchilsea, who at Eastwell, in Kent, felled a most curious grove of oaks near his noble seat, and gave the first blow with his own hands. Shortly after his Countess died in her bed suddenly, and his eldest son, the Lord Maidstone, was killed at sea by a cannon bullet." He tells also of the pretty and "common notion that a strange sound proceeds from a falling oak, so loud as to be heard at half-a-mile distant, as if it were the genius of the oak lamenting."

The back of the house is soon seen on higher ground—plain and simple enough, of white, with grey caps to its turrets and roof, and at both ends a thick grove of splendid trees of many kinds and all ages. Reaching the front, you find it facing wide lawns and hills all clad with trees. To the left woods hide the lake, in front they crown the hill, to the right you skirt them when you have crossed the grass and mount the level ground until you reach the hill-top.

Just at the foot of the hill, the rabbits race away like wild things as you come. There is a warren by a patch of nettles and thistles just where the trees begin; another beside the clump of chestnuts you have just left to the right; another by the dense furze which lies at the foot of a range of oaks. Everywhere is rabbit-land, everywhere you see the white tails disappearing underground at your step.

There is a fine view of wavy Kentish country, even from the plantation that crests the first incline, not far above the level of the park. At your feet is a belt of grass; then to the left trees grow, close-set as moss, upon a little slope. To the right is the smooth grassland of the park, with the white hall among its trees. Farther off and straight ahead there stretches the plain, rising in the distance—which is not a great distance—to other hills. This plain is broken up, chequered with pale browns and buffs of far-off fields, and indistinct dark colours which our eyes, unaided, could hardly tell as greens: with curious broad patches of white, for we are here in full chalk country. There are a few houses, tiny and far away, and oasts, and a white thing some way off which may be a church tower. In the later afternoon dim shades of cloud, or a dim August mist, underlie in the distance the sunlight, grown less strong; and the near grass of the park takes in places a fiercer yellow, against the cool dark patches—which might be shadows of clouds overhead, but which, being motionless, are known for beds of nettles or stretches of fern. The mist gives an added peace to this placid country; all rests but the branches of the trees, still tossing in the cheerful wind.

But the great view is higher up, the view whose fame



A CORNER OF THE LAKE.

THE HOUSE: BACK VIEW.



EASTWELL PARK, FORMERLY THE RESIDENCE OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, NOW THE PROPERTY OF LORD GERARD.

has made Eastwell famous. A century ago, old Hasted grew enthusiastic about it in his quiet way; telling of the "very high hill, on the top of which is an octagon plain, from whence are cut eight avenues or walks, called the *Star Walks*; the intermediate spaces being filled with fine venerable trees, so thick as to exclude the light from

main entrance and its surroundings. Just after the turret the house dips down a storey, and its ground-floor is in a little valley or trench, full of evergreens. The roof-line of the whole house is varied, and, to the unprofessional eye, pleasant enough, with its high square chimneys, its gable-end and turrets. At each end of the building is a wood of noble trees, a setting worthy of any house, a setting which would make almost any house worthy of this beautiful park.

Within, a little hall, plain and light, leads to an inner hall, from which rises the chief staircase—by no means a "grand staircase," except in the technical sense, but spacious and simple enough, and hung with family portraits and pictures, which we will call "Old Masters." At the top of this staircase are perhaps the most interesting things in the house: four "Letters Patent" of Charles I. and Charles II., framed and glazed, and some of them in quite perfect condition. The Patent of Charles I. is dated 1640, and creates Sir John Finch—a cousin of the owner of Eastwell of that day—Baron Finch of Fordwich; it is not in the best preservation, though the well-known face in the corner is recognisable enough.

The Patent which made Henry Earl of Winchilsea Baron Fitzherbert of Eastwell is only twenty years younger; but its colours are as fresh and bright as those of a picture of yesterday. The portrait of the second Charles, in its left-hand corner, is excellent in spirit and likeness. It shows us Old Rowley with his moustache,

morning-room pictures of bygone ladies of the Finch family hang to right and left of the fireplace, and dark and dignified portraits of the Parliamentary time are on the walls. But in most of these the interest is mainly that of family likenesses.

From the windows one has delightful views of the park, with its great trees, its many deer strolling by, its sheep, and, beyond the garden, its stately cows of some long-horned breed, rich in their colour of red and white. In the corridor which runs behind this drawing-room suite—as in the waiting-room and other rooms—there hang magnificent heads of Eastwell deer, with antlers of many points. Hasted tells us that the venison fed in the park, to this day well filled with deer, was accounted the finest of any in Kent.

The dining-room on the right of the hall is large and lofty, with walls distempered a pale pink—or salmon colour, or *terra cotta*, as one must speak by the card in dealing with the shades our keener modern eyes have discovered. Here, too, are portraits: Christopher, Lord Chancellor Hatton, with his dog; the same Christopher as a boy; and other Hattons.

And now one may leave unexplored bed-rooms, nurseries, study, billiard and smoking rooms. The backfront, as it is called by Hasted—who deals daringly with language—is much more attractive.

This is, indeed, by far the most picturesque part of the house. The lawn-garden below is charming, gay with bright reds and pinks, in the winding ribbon-beds of geraniums and other simple flowers. Ivy grows over one storey of the house, and to the left a high ivy-clad wall stands out from it. Then come a gable-end and a high turret, with conical top surmounted by a spire; and then the square block of house, plain and little adorned, but relieved by the projection of a large and handsome conservatory, which forms the advance guard of the right wing.

Beyond the garden is another lawn, less flowery, with a fountain in the midst, and straight paths, each ended by a high stone seat; and beyond again, cut off from these inner grounds by a ha-ha, lies the level park, with its woody background.

The lawn is bordered, to right and left, with tall and magnificent trees, which fill these inmost grounds—dark cedars, noble elms, oaks, and sycamores, and evergreens



EASTWELL PARK: THE LAKE.

beneath them, makes a very awful and majestic appearance." Hence, from the topmost point, the sea is visible both to north and south. Across the tree-tops of the ancient forest of the Blean, and Challock Wood, is the grey glimmering of the sea by Sheerness, with the Medway running north-easterly to meet the Thames; and southwards, over Romney Marsh, the Channel stretches its broad roadway to France. Beneath one, Kent lies spread out like a map, and in the park below the clumps of chestnuts show round as beehives, and deer, red, white, and almost black, move slow and tiny across the yellowing grass. The great trees on the hillside are beautiful, with the melancholy that trees always have when the early summer is past.

Coming down again, one fronts the house, a big place a century old. It succeeded a "stupendous fabrick which obliged the eye to admiration," if we may believe Thomas Philipott; and this was built in 1546 by Sir Thomas Moile, Chancellor of the Court of Augmentations to Henry VIII. This elder Eastwell Place would seem to have been a magnificent affair; the new one is very plain, and was built under the direction of Bonomi, often spoken of in novels of his time as the great builder of English houses in the Greek fashion. Eastwell is Greek, in so far as it has two huge pillars standing out before the front door by way of portico; and these, if their relation to the house and the landscape be not quite clear, have at least the advantage of immense size. The high, white-sashed windows are as plain as windows can be; all the house, indeed, is extremely plain, extremely white. A tall, round turret to the right of the portico marks, however, a join in the building; and the long right wing, plainly not of the Bonomi date, is greyer, and somehow rather richer in effect, than the



THE HOUSE, FROM THE FIELDS.

but he is shaved in the next Patent—that which made an earl of Lord Finch of Daventry. The last of the series records the title of Viscount Hatton of Gretton, bestowed on Christopher, Lord Hatton, in 1683. Close by hangs a royal deed, six centuries older than the oldest of these—the charter of Edward the Confessor to the church of St. Peter, Westminster, bearing date Dec. 28, 1066. Each of these charters has its seals attached, ingeniously accommodated with a little hole in the frame.

The finest room of the house is the great library, a chamber long and spacious, running through the depth of the house. Near each end are brown marble pillars, and marble busts give points of light here and there. The colour of the whole is, perhaps, a little primitive—at all events, when the chairs have their dressing-gowns on, bright red against the strong green of the curtains, the white ceilings, and the books in their warm liveries of golden brown. But altogether, the place is sober and reposeful, and it is inhabited by an excellent collection of old books. The family portraits on the walls are not of the highest interest; but the Marquis of Montrose, a dashing personage whom one is always glad to meet, hangs in the place of honour, over the chimney-piece. The Winchilsea family is related by marriage to Montrose.

One of the most delightful things in the library is the way out of it. Even a lover of books—there are still some left—would leave them with less regret by this pretty winding staircase of broad stone steps that leads to the conservatory. On each side beautiful flowers bloom and scent, and pots of fern swing from the glass roof. In all England there is surely no other staircase so ideal for sitters-out at a dance.

And the conservatory to which it leads is a very fine one, with its palms of exquisite scent and passion-flowers spreading their stars on high, while one steps from it into a charming garden that runs along the south front.

It is hardly fair, however, to go into the garden till one has visited the chief rooms; though the rooms of Eastwell are rather modern, spacious, and convenient to live in, than fitted to be stared at or described. The long suite of drawing-room, morning-room, boudoir and bed-rooms—comfortably situate upon the ground floor—has throughout the same prevailing colour, a pale grey, very cool and pleasant to the eye. In the drawing-room are family portraits—the late Earl of Winchilsea, the Marquis of Anglesey, and others—for the most part by Graves; in the

that fill every corner with rich colour. In some of the walks of the shrubbery you can scarce pass half-a-dozen trees without finding that each is different from all its neighbours.

A short walk up the rising ground northward from the house brings one to another wood, at whose foot there lies a lovely lake; a quiet place, alive, like all such solitudes, with a constant bustle of rooks cawing, wind rustling the leaves, sheep bleating, or deer, suddenly alarmed, hurrying by.

Passing to a clump of trees beyond a tiny bay in the lakeside, one notices the curious sharp smell that, in the open country, tells of near dwellings of man; for here, seen from the lake but hidden from the land, are the ancient Eastwell church and the couple of cottages in which its guardians live. Set in its graveyard in the wood, the church is very beautiful; a wide sturdy building, divided into two parts, with grey walls and red roofs, and a square tower above.

Within are several monuments of interest, and chief among them the stout and comely figures of Sir Moyle Finch and his wife, Elizabeth, Countess of Winchilsea, who ruled at Eastwell three centuries ago. The worthy pair lie on their square tomb, raised some feet above the floor, in polished alabaster, unchipped and undefaced; the knight is in armour, and wears slashed breeches. Beneath are carved the names of their twelve children.

In this church, too, is the record of the great legendary hero of Eastwell—if one may so describe a personage who was certainly neither a hero nor great, and who may not have been merely a legend; but before we speak of him it is fitting to give some account of actual historic owners of the park, and especially of the one notable family with whom its name is associated.

There are two or three mentions of Eastwell in the Domesday Book. Hugo de Montfort, we are told, held "one manor, Estwelle, which Frederic held of King Edward. It was taxed at one suling. There are three yokes within the division of Hugo, and the fourth yoke is without, and is of the see of the Bishop of Baieux."

Hugo de Montfort had come over with the Conqueror, and his grandson Robert was General of William Rufus's army in the twelfth year of his reign; but this Robert supported his namesake, Robert Curthose, against Henry I., and found it necessary to go into exile and yield his lands to the Crown. After him came a family which took its name of Eastwell from the place; and after them the great family of Criol. Then Eastwell was owned for a time by Thomas de Poyning and his descendants, certain



A CORNER OF THE HOUSE.

of whom became Earls of Northumberland, and still held this manor. From them it passed by sale to Sir Christopher Hales, and from his daughters and heiresses to Sir Thomas Moyle, whose daughter Catherine married Sir Thomas Finch and brought him this estate.

Thus the Finches came into the possession of Eastwell Park, and they held it for three centuries and a third—

take as first in time of the ten notables of the family. It is interesting to trace a certain likeness running through the characters of Heneage Finch, the father, Heneage Finch, Earl of Nottingham, the son, and Daniel Finch, second Earl of Nottingham, the grandson: though it is a likeness with plenty of unlikenesses to qualify it.

In Heneage the Speaker's attitude to the monarch,

journey into Leicestershire, and came to Bosworth Field. Here he was carried to the tent of Richard III., who embraced him and told him that he was his son. "But, child [says he], to-morrow I must fight for my crown. And assure yourself, if I lose that I will lose my life too; but I hope to preserve both." The boy was given a purse of gold, and told to watch the fight, and, if Richard lost, to flee; as he promptly did, and turned brickmaker.

Convinced that this was the natural son of King Richard, Sir Moyle offered the old man "the running of his kitchen as long as he lived"; but the Plantagenet, though duly thankful for this munificent offer, asked leave to build himself a little house of one room wherein to live alone.

This was granted, and for many years the ruins of the cottage were shown as proof of the tale; of which, however, better evidence is given by the parish register, which has the entry—copied, of course, from an earlier book—

V. Rycharde Plantagenet,  
December 22nd, 1550.

This V is used throughout the register to mark the burials of people of noble birth; and the truly royal spelling may almost be taken as a further proof. There is a tomb in the chancel of Eastwell Church, without an inscription and minus its brasses, which is shown as Plantagenet's: only, unluckily, it seems to be of earlier date.

But, if you leave Eastwell Park by the little gate that leads to Boughton Lees, you must pass another proof quite convincing to the simpler inhabitants. This is a queer little battlemented cottage pretending to be a castle, held by its inhabitants to be the very house built by Richard Plantagenet.

As who, except some over-learned architect, shall say that it is not? Passing from the beautiful park, across an ancient village green—the "Lees," which gives its name to Boughton Lees—all that is essential in country and people seems as old as any Richard in history. Walking to Wye station, with the sun getting low behind us, we meet only ancient labourers with faces amazingly red, children with arms round each other's necks, high cartloads of hay, sheep munching as their



EASTWELL PARK: THE OLD CHURCH AND THE LAKE.

from 1560 till 1892. They are "the family" of the place: and a family extremely worthy of note. A home must have some effect upon its inmates, though the influence of beautiful homes is sometimes hard enough to trace; at any rate, this "most beautiful park in England" nurtured a race which for a full century and a half was among the most vigorous in England.

That the Finches of this great time were a blameless people cannot be said; but one might maintain that, like heat and force, virtue and vigour are convertible and equivalent—in which case the three generations of Finches who were powers in England from the beginning of the seventeenth century until some way on in the eighteenth may be held to have reached a high degree of virtue, or its equivalent. In those three generations the Finches could reckon, in fathers, sons, and grandsons, at least ten memorable names—names not yet forgotten, and in their time of much note. Historians are still concerned with Heneage Finch, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and Sir Henry, his brother: with their sons and nephew—Sir Heneage, first Earl of Nottingham, Sir John the doctor, another Sir John,

however, one is more reminded of that other Speaker who was his cousin; through the amazing flattery without which neither thought it becoming to address his sovereign, one traces signs and symptoms of a wish to assert the rights of the subject. Yet it is to be feared that a story told of Speaker Heneage is characteristic. Once, arguing before James I., he had the misfortune to bore the King horribly by a philosophic preamble; whereupon James said that though he was a king of men, yet he was no king of time, "for I grow old with this," and bade him get to business. "Whereupon Finch, with great boldness, undertook to prove much, but did nothing."

Still, Heneage Finch was a man of importance; and his son and grandson raised to its highest the dignity of the family. In both these Earls of Nottingham there was something of Speaker Heneage's tendency to see both sides of a question, though it was manifested in curiously different ways. The first Earl was a man of high personal honour, who happened to be also a man of amazing adroitness. The second, no doubt far his father's inferior in ability, chiefly owed his less happy knack of disagreeing with his own side to a devotion to the Church which altogether transcended his mere party feeling. Both father and son were Westminster and Christchurch men.

The second wife of Daniel, sixth Earl of Winchelsea and second of Nottingham, was the daughter of Christopher Viscount Hatton; and their son and heir, also named Daniel, was an important person in the reigns of the first Georges. He, at his death, left Eastwell to his nephew, Mr. George Finch Hatton, the builder of the present house.

The story of the latest Earls of Winchelsea, owners of Eastwell, is too recent to be history; and the connection between the place and the family has now ended. One of the events

of its season was the sale of Eastwell Park by Messrs. Lumley to Lord Gerard.

The fact that historians have traced the family of the present owner to Dominus Otho of Gherardini, a Florentine who flourished before the Conquest, will excuse us from attempting to tell its story in a dozen lines. Nor need we do more than chronicle the other fact that for a few years the Duke of Edinburgh lived at Eastwell.

There remains but the one legend of the place to be told—a highly respectable legend, with proofs extant not only in pen and ink, but in brick and mortar. When Sir Moyle Finch was building his house, in 1546, he observed that his chief bricklayer, whenever he left off work, retired with a book. One day Sir Moyle—who seems to have been an inquisitive old gentleman—surprised him, and, snatching the book, found it to be Horace, and the bricklayer well read in it. A little urged, the man told his story: how some gentleman unknown put him to board with a "Latin schoolmaster" till he was fifteen or sixteen: how he was once taken away to see "a man, finely drest, with a star and garter," who talked kindly to him and gave him some money: and how, later, he was sent for a



GARDENER'S COTTAGE.

who was made Baron Finch of Fordwich, an Edward, and a Heneage, the second Earl of Winchelsea: and with no less than three sons of the Earl of Nottingham—Daniel, sixth Earl of Winchelsea, Heneage, first Earl of Aylesford, and Edward. Nor were these only politicians and lawyers. Two earned their fame in the quieter ways of art and science—the Edward Finch last named was a composer of church music, and Speaker Heneage's son, Sir John, gained his title as a physician and a man of travel and study. There was even a divine among these ten Finches—besides Edward the composer, who was Prebendary of York—but one has to add that this gentleman (also an Edward) was rather notorious than famous. He is celebrated as having been "the first of the parochial clergy actually dismissed by the Committee for Scandalous Ministers." (It is true that some of the charges against him were only that, for example, he had preached in a surplice and set up the communion-table altarwise; but to others the term "scandalous" applies more exactly, and there was probably good ground for the resolution of Parliament which sweepingly declared him unfit to hold any kind of benefice.) Sir Heneage—the fourth son of Moyle Finch—we may



THE BOAT-HOUSE.

forefathers munched when Bosworth Field was fought; all things as old as history itself. It is true, though, that these sheep are of the latest, finest breed, these earhorses are giants to the old, and these children have been to Board-school; and the sound of the 6.33 hissing away to Canterbury would certainly have been a strange thing to Richard Plantagenet.

EDWARD ROSE.

## A LITERARY QUARREL.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Of all literary quarrels the most far-resounding is that between Frederick the Great and Voltaire. The greatest military and political genius of his age and the supreme literary hack of all ages met at Berlin, in mid July, 1750.



MUKDEN: EAST CITY GATE AND CHURCH.

They were to make real Plato's visionary union of the Noble Despot and the Philosopher. The Philosopher, unluckily, was only a *philosophe*, and the Noble Despot, in his hours of leisure, was a would-be literary man. Voltaire was to correct his French prose and verse, and was to receive a pension and an order and the golden key of a Royal Chamberlain. Between two such men, warriors so inveterate in their different ways, peace could not conceivably be kept; war was foredoomed, and mankind ever since has been taking sides for the King or the wit. Impartially disliking each (in his private character), I think I rather lean to the faction of Voltaire. The first trouble was about Arnaud and another French hanger-on of Frederick, whom Voltaire got the King to dismiss. Then there was the lawsuit about a stock-jobbing affair and a set of diamonds, with Hirsch, an Israelite. Here Voltaire was wholly wrong: a gentleman of letters has nothing to make with Jews, jewels, and shabby riggings of the market. It will be admitted that Frederick could not, as a man or a king, like to see his Laureate and guest mixed up in a financial scandal. Again, Voltaire wrote a letter to his niece, Madame Denis, which mainly consisted of "buts"—suppressed reasons for disliking Frederick's Court. The lady supposed that her uncle's nice morality was wounded by what he saw, heard, or suspected; but Voltaire, while denying that his morality was nice, indited an epistle full of abominable insinuations against his host (Nov. 17, 1750). His morals, his heart, were directly or indirectly impeached. Again the wrong, the unpardonable wrong, is on the side of Voltaire. But did Frederick read his guest's correspondence? Voltaire himself (March 3, 1754) avers that Frederick opened and read the letters of his niece, Madame Denis: he also evinces a great anxiety to send his letters by safe private hands. Leaving this point undecided, we find Frederick administering to Voltaire a keen rebuke (Feb. 14, 1751) as to Arnaud, as to dealings of Voltaire with Gross, the Russian Ambassador, and as to the lawsuit with the Hebrew, *la plus vilaine affaire*. Voltaire, in reply and excuse, adopts the pitiable attitude of snivelling about his health, and this posture of the expiring invalid he always strikes when in trouble with the King. Then comes the

supreme wrangle about Maupertuis, the mathematician, Frederick's President of the Royal Academy of Berlin. Maupertuis, in brief, was using his courtly favour to crush and dishonour a worthy man, König, with whom he had a scientific squabble. He assailed by all unfair and oppressive means Herr König's private character. Voltaire, when he himself was not the bully, hated bullying; he also hated Maupertuis. He therefore, as a Berlin Academician, put forth a squib against Maupertuis (Sept. 18, 1752). Blundering, plagiarism, and persecution are his charges against the foe; and members of the Berlin Academy, he says, would leave it but for fear of displeasing the King. Then Frederick committed the huge and unkingly blunder of answering Voltaire. Frederick's line was, "My President *must* be right" (whereas he was egregiously wrong); and he, anonymous, calls the anonymous Voltaire "a retailer of lies." Voltaire (about November 1752) riposted with his "Doctor Akakia," wherein he throws a great deal of easy ridicule on Maupertuis's doctrine of possible "premonitions," to be secured by

"exalting the mind," and on other absurdities of his enemy. The King's repartee was to seize and publicly burn "Doctor Akakia." Next, Frederick, in an undated note full of the most incredibly bad spelling: "If your books deserve statues, your conduct deserves chains." "Ah, mon Dieu, Sire! dans l'état où je suis!" cries Voltaire, the dying invalid. Frederick tries to make him sign a solemn and humiliating promise to behave like a gentleman (Nov. 27, 1752.) Voltaire writes to his niece that Frederick has pronounced him a squeezed orange, and is throwing away the skin. People tell Frederick that Voltaire says he is tired of washing the King's dirty literary linen—correcting his poems. Voltaire resigns his pension and gold key; there is a sort of reconciliation; finally he leaves for Saxony (March 25, 1753), being permitted to keep his order, his key, and a printed volume of Frederick's poems, "very scarce." From Dresden and Leipzig he throws fiery darts of the wicked at Maupertuis—epigrams, articles, gibes. Frederick is angered afresh: he will take back that key, that order, that volume of compromising poetry, full of attacks on his royal kinsfolk, including our "wee bit German lairdie." Voltaire was to pass by Frankfort, a free imperial city. Frederick, therefore, bade his Resident there, Freytag, catch Voltaire and relieve him of key, order, and book of rhymes royal. So Freytag, on May 31, 1753, lay for Voltaire, and "culled him like a flower." The famous book of poetry was notwithstanding, he was detained till it should arrive. He wrote in vain to the Kaiser; and his niece, Madame Denis, who had joined him, wrote to the Prussian Ambassador in Paris. This was Lord Marischal (brother of Field-Marshal Keith), who had been "out" in 1715, in the Glenshiel Rising of 1719, who did not hazard his person in 1745, and who, after sheltering the Jacobite conspirators while Ambassador at Paris, broke with Prince Charles in 1754. This worthy gentleman merely told Madame Denis to bid Voltaire be cautious, or "some big Prussian would crack his skull for him." On June 17, after seventeen days of detention, the

"Poésies" of his Prussian Majesty did arrive, and were given up by Voltaire to his captors. But by June 20 Madame Denis had still to inform Madame de Pompadour that her uncle was a prisoner. On June 16 Frederick wrote formally that he highly applauded his brigand, Freytag, for what he had done. Voltaire had received from Freytag a written promise of his freedom when once the book arrived. He started, secretly, on June 20, being still detained in breach of the promise. He and his niece were arrested; and Madame Denis assures Frederick (June 21) that a subaltern of the law has passed the whole night in her bed-room! Voltaire, in a note to the letter (note of what date?), adds "Le commis a osé insulter cette dame respectable pendant la nuit." Voltaire repeated this charge on July 14, 1753, in a letter to an official of the Kaiser.

Mr. Carlyle regards this assertion of Voltaire's as an after-thought, and says it is a "proved fact" that Madame Denis paid the man, Dorn, a louis to sit up with her. Madame Denis, in her own letter of the following day (June 21) to Frederick, merely complains that Dorn did pass the night in her room, "violence inouïe." Mr. Carlyle calls Dorn "a poor, hard-worked, frugal creature." The story about Madame Denis giving Dorn a louis to sit up with her reposes on the authority of Freytag and his accomplice, Schmid. As for Dorn, that frugal creature, he added, in his own hand, to Schmid and Freytag's report of July 6, the remark that Voltaire's money, left in Schmid's keeping, ought to be given to—Secretary Dorn! So says Varnhagen von Ense, and he calls the proposal "indecent." So much for Mr. Carlyle's "poor, hard-worked, frugal creature."

The great jest is that they are *all* so very poorly. Voltaire is dying throughout; Madame Denis passes the intervals of letter-writing in strong convulsions; poor Schmid and Freytag complain piteously of all the trouble Voltaire has caused *uns beiden krankseinden*—"to us two poor invalids"; and though frugal Dorn keeps his health, he says that he ought to be allowed to collar Voltaire's



TEMPLE OF THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN, MUKDEN.

money, because his wife and children, through stark terror, are all very unwell! The money was seventy-six pounds ten shillings, with jewels and a snuff-box. Voltaire left it, because, in a passion, he had pointed a pistol at frugal Dorn, and reflected that, being free at last, he had better go. He had five weeks of detention, and he never got his money and trinkets. Probably Dorn got them in the long run.

So Voltaire was at liberty, and whose side do you take? "Under which king, Bezonian?" "Neither the King of Prussia, nor I, is a philosopher," said Voltaire.

## MUKDEN.

The war in Eastern Asia shows at present no sign of cessation. The one promising feature of later news is the approaching departure of Chinese envoys, who will negotiate in Japan for peace. According to report, they will meet Mr. Foster at Kobe. Mukden continues to be a "warm corner"; the city is said to be in a fearful state of anarchy. The Chinese and Manchu soldiers are continually engaging in warfare, and the inhabitants of the city are terrorised into submission to the greatest insults and assaults. It is stated that recently twelve thousand additional troops have arrived at Mukden. The place swarms with soldiers, and houses are pillaged and citizens killed with impunity. The cold weather is being severely felt, and perhaps may do something to mitigate the strife of arms. The Illustrations of Mukden show it to possess the usual picturesque features of Eastern cities. It is sincerely to be hoped that soon peace will come to restore its fallen fortunes and to relieve its inhabitants of both danger and anxiety.



NORTH SUBURB OF MUKDEN, WITH PAGODA.

## REMBRANDT AT CASSEL.

This magnificent portfolio (William Heinemann) is a worthy tribute to the great magician's fame. Seventeen of his most characteristic works have been reproduced in a manner equally creditable to the etcher and the printer; and each of these mezzo-tints is worthy of a place in the portfolio of the connoisseur or on the walls of the print-lover. The Gallery at Cassel whence these splendid examples of Rembrandt's art are taken dates from the beginning of the

pictures in the Town Hall of Kampen, where several portraits of equal merit are also to be found. In any case, Landgrave William was in the way of knowing the esteem in which Dutch artists were held by their fellow-countrymen; and guided by them and his own taste he made good use of his opportunities while in Holland. After his return to Cassel he went on purchasing, and his agents at Amsterdam were in those troublous times able to buy good pictures at reasonable prices. By 1749, according to an inventory, there were already eight Rembrandts at Cassel, and of these

before the wars of this century. Napoleon carried off the whole collection to Paris in 1806, and although it was intended that it should be restored intact, many gems were missing; while others, such as Rembrandt's "Descent from the Cross," were purchased by Alexander I. of Russia, and are now to be found in the collection at the Hermitage. Of the pictures that remain, the seventeen reproduced in this portfolio are certainly among the most noteworthy, and illustrate the power and charm of Rembrandt's many-sided genius as a painter. They include the artist's portrait of himself



AN OLD MAN'S PORTRAIT.—BY REMBRANDT.

last century, but its chief benefactor was the Landgrave William VIII. of Hesse, who bequeathed to the city his private collection of over a hundred pictures. Landgrave William had been an important man in his day, and as Governor of Friesland had played a conspicuous part in Dutch history at a critical moment, when each province aimed at and exercised practical independence. At one time he even seemed likely to become an important personage, for the choice of the States-General might have fallen on him as Commander-in-Chief of the Dutch troops in the long and bitter war which Louis XIV. had forced upon them. It is a pity that Mr. Wedmore in his excellent introductory note has not told us more about Landgrave William, whose portrait, attributed to Ravesteyn, is one of the most interesting

we know that one at least had been purchased by William's predecessor, the Landgrave Karl. This is the picture known as the "Portrait of an Old Man," here reproduced. It was apparently painted in 1630—that is, in quite the earliest years of Rembrandt's career, before he had become fashionable, and was even scarcely known. Mr. Wedmore gives the number of Rembrandt's pictures in the Cassel Gallery, and apparently speaks with the information of the latest catalogue. Some years ago the number was placed at twenty-eight, and it would be interesting to know whether this shrinkage is due to modern criticism or to sales, of which the proceeds have been applied to the purchase of the works of masters less well represented in the Gallery. One thing is certain, however, the Cassel collection is by no means so rich now as it was

when a young man; of the Pen-maker, or, as some would call it, Coppenol, the writing-master; of Saskia, Rembrandt's first wife, who knew him only in the sunny days of his prosperity; and of a young girl, whom some recognise as his faithful companion through many changes of fortune—Henrikje Stoffels—but who was spared to see her husband's absolute ruin. There are two fine landscapes also, in which Rembrandt's mastery over *chiaro-oscuro* is shown to the greatest advantage. If this sumptuous portfolio meets with the success which its merits deserve, we hope that the publishers may be encouraged to make another attack upon the treasures of the Cassel Museum and present us with reproductions of the many specimens of Franz Hals, who is almost as worthily represented there as Rembrandt van Ryn. L. G. R.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The exact cause and nature of that "gentle thing beloved from pole to pole" have always formed matter for discussion among physiologists. "Nature's sweet restorer" as a common, necessary, and essential feature of life even among the plants is a vital puzzle even in these latter days of bold and untrammelled investigation into the secrets of living things. There is, of course, no lack of theories about sleep. Durham and Crippie have given us their views and speculations on the proximate causes to which sleep is due. We know its invasion is marked by anemia, or bloodlessness of the brain, using this term in contradistinction to the working state in which the brain is abundantly—I had almost said disproportionately—provided with the vital fluid; but as Dr. M. Foster wisely remarks, it is one thing to assert that the brain is anæmic in slumber (which is true), and another thing to hold or to prove that this depression of the circulation is the cause of sleep. Besides, as has been well pointed out, sleep is not a condition which affects the brain alone. The whole organism is slowed down, and the mechanisms of life-work, for the time being, are at low pressure. Even the secretion of the tears is in part arrested, and the wakened sleeper "rubs his eyes" to excite the tear-glands to their accustomed work.

A favourite theory of sleep with some physiologists is therefore based on this generalised idea of our slumbers. The whole frame, it is argued, shows a tendency towards a period of repose, and sleep is merely the general expression of this need for rest. Hence not in the brain alone, but throughout the whole nervous system, and, indeed, throughout all the body, may we look for the cause of sleep. The rise and fall of the body's processes, the alternation of work with rest, and the tiring out of the tissues, with need for recuperation in a lowered and slowed-down vitality, are accepted by many as conditions which lead towards a rational explanation of the coming to us of "Death's twin-brother." Lately, however, there has been a revival of another view of the causation of sleep. It is pointed out that certain chemical agents, and specially certain gases, when inhaled, may produce phenomena which closely resemble those of ordinary slumber. Of course we have anaesthetics—medicine's best gifts to suffering man—which rob us of consciousness, and tide us over the pains and pangs of life; but these agents do not exactly correspond in their effects with the causes of ordinary sleep. In another and common gas—carbonic acid, to wit—which is a natural waste-product of our frames, and which is breathed out from lungs and skin, we may find an agent that is capable of producing a condition closely resembling the sleep that follows on the toil of the day.

To start with, everybody knows that the sleepy condition—and it is a very typical example of its kind—which follows our stay in a badly ventilated room is due to our breathing into our blood more than our due share of carbonic acid gas. Recent research, however, would add that these effects, and still more the effects of "after-damp" in mines, are due not so much to the presence of carbonic acid gas as to the want of oxygen. So that instead of carbonic acid being considered, as formerly, as a highly dangerous gas, we are to-day inclined to look upon it, *per se*, as relatively harmless, even when breathed in greater proportion than was once regarded as possible without injury following on the experiment. Now comes another item of interest in the theory that our sleep is really due to the action of carbonic acid gas. In sleep the amount of carbonic acid given off from the lungs diminishes; hence it is urged the gas in sleep passes into the blood, gives a slight increase over the amount proper to that fluid, and thus induces slumber. Slowly but surely this increase is got rid of as sleep progresses, and wakefulness supervenes when the blood once more appears in its normal and natural, or rather in its diurnal, condition.

The objection has been urged to this theory of sleep that if it were due to the accumulation of carbonic acid (or lactic acid, which has been also quoted as a waste-product), we should scarcely have any hope of waking. But I think this objection is slightly strained. For if sleep and waking are of the nature of alternating processes or states, then nervous habit alone would cause us to awaken, just as the reverse habit (with carbonic acid gas as its agent) would bring about slumber. Be that as it may, there is an attractiveness about this chemical theory of sleep which certainly simplifies matters in some respects. At least it is, as I have said, a simple explanation. I do not suppose it will be regarded as final, and I only hope its simplicity will not be found to be its only merit.

As I am dealing with matters physiological this week, I may be permitted to refer to an interesting paper by Professor Edgren, of Stockholm, on what he calls "Amusia." This condition implies lack or loss of the musical capacity. Aphasia is a condition in which there is loss of the power of speech, and it is often accompanied by want of the power to express thought in writing as well. We know that this condition is associated with disease of Broca's centre in the third left frontal fold of the brain. I say "left" because it is to be borne in mind that the left half of our big brain, governing the right side of the body, is that we habitually use in our speaking acts. As we are right-handed, in other words, we are left-brained; and although the right speech-centre exists, it seems to be rarely employed in ordinary life.

When a person loses appreciation of tone and the meaning of musical notes, he is said to suffer from amusia; then also there are forms of the ailment in which there is inability to sing and to play. Professor Edgren says that tone-deafness is associated with the left temporal lobe, in front of the part the destruction of which causes word-deafness. He gives a series of cases in which loss of musical talents has been found to exist coincidentally with certain centres in the left temporal part of the brain. He also concludes that amusia may exist with or without loss of speech, although this loss of musical capacity is often associated with the latter defect. These are curious conclusions, and they are of interest because they tend to show us how progress is being made in connection with the definite localisation of the functions and duties of the central organ of our nervous apparatus.

## CHESS.

M II (Bristol).—We published the correct solution of No. 2643 on Dec. 15, and you must have seen that your move was not right. The reply to your proposed solution is P to Q 4th.

DELTA (Koojarwon, Queensland).—The mate is given at once if Black play as you suggest. The conditions are that mate must be given at most in three moves against any possible defence. P to K R 7th is not defensive, it is simply submission to mate by Kt to K 3rd.

D A M (Normanton, Queensland).—Will be pleased to hear from you at any time, and give all correct solutions due acknowledgment.

R WORTERS, W RAILLEM, AND OTHERS.—Please try the effect of 2. Kt to Q 5th as a defence for Black in Problem No. 2468.

REV. W E THOMPSON.—No. 1 shall appear.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2645 received from C Field junior (Athol, Mass.), and A P (St John, N B); of No. 2646 from Rev Francis W Jackson; of No. 2647 from J W Scott, H H (Peterborough), Marie I Priestley (Avonmore, county Down), A H B, H Moss (Sleaford), J S Wesley (Exeter), Hereward, T G (Ware), W E Thompson, Borden School, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), P Einert (Nottingham), and B H S, J P.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2648 received from Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), C M A B, J D Tucker (Leeds), Sorrento, W R B (Clifton), Martin F, E Louden, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), L Desanges, J Dixon, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), H Moss (Sleaford), and A Newman.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF HOLIDAY PROBLEMS received from T G (Ware), T Roberts, W Benglas (Ripon), J F Moon, G T Hughes (Athy), W E Thompson, B H S, J P, Hereward, W R Raillem, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), J Coad, R Worters (Canterbury), M Burke, R H Brooks, Sorrento, Martin F, Emile Frau (Lyons), C D (Camberwell), C E Ferugini, H S Brandreth, Dawn, J F Moon, and J Dixon.

SOLUTIONS OF HOLIDAY PROBLEMS.—No. 1: R to K 8th; No. 2: B to Kt 7th; No. 3: Kt to K Kt 4th; No. 4: Kt to K B 4th; No. 5: K to K 8th; No. 6: It takes P.

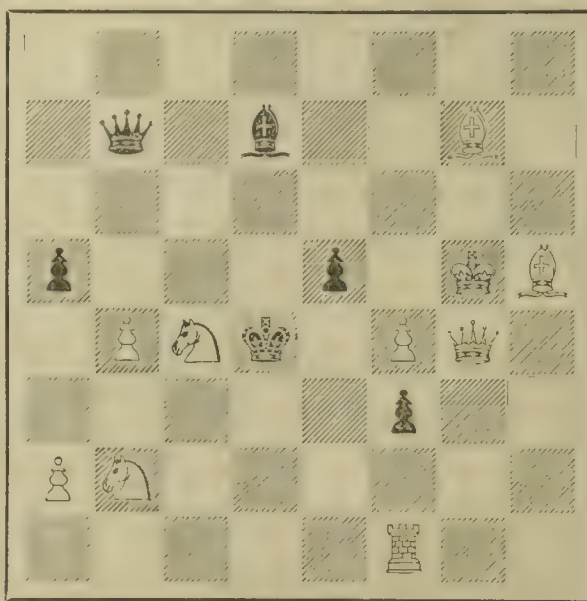
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2647.—By A. C. CHALLENGER.

WHITE.  
1. Q to K sq  
2. Q to Kt 4th  
3. Q to Kt 5th. Mate.  
If Black play 1. K to Q 5th, or 1. P to B 7th; 2. Q to Kt 4th (ch), and if 1. P takes Kt then 2. Q to R 4th, etc.

PROBLEM No. 2650.

By CHEVALIER DESANGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN HAVANA.

Game played between MESSRS. EITLINGER and VASQUEZ.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. E.)	BLACK (Mr. V.)	WHITE (Mr. E.)	BLACK (Mr. V.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	21. P to Kt 6th	Q to Kt 2nd
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	25. Kt to K 4th	P to Q 6th
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	26. P to B 2nd	
4. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd		
5. B takes Kt	B takes B		
6. P to K 5th	B to K 2nd		
7. Q to Kt 4th	Castles		
		26.	B to K 6th (ch)
		27. K to Kt sq	K to R sq
		28. Kt to Kt 5th	
		28.	B to B 4th
		29. P to Kt 4th	B to K 2nd
		30. K R to Kt sq	Kt to R 3rd
		31. R takes R (ch)	R takes R
		32. R to K B sq	Q to K 2nd
		33. Q to B 3rd	Kt to B 4th
		34. Q to R 5th (ch)	Kt to R 3rd
		35. Kt to R 7th	P to Q 7th
		36. B to Kt 3rd	B to Kt 2nd
		37. R takes B (ch)	Q takes R
		38. Kt takes Q	B to K 5th (ch)
		39. B to B 2nd	B to Q 4th
		40. Q to K 2nd	K to Kt sq
		41. Q takes Q P	Resigns

The moves so far are pretty generally accepted as safe lines of play for both.

8. P to K B 4th P to Q B 4th  
9. P takes P P to B 4th  
10. Q to R 5th P to Q 5th  
11. Castles (Q R) B takes P  
12. Kt to B 3rd P to K R 3rd  
13. B to B 4th

Black's advance of his Q P, which was strongly posted at Q 4th, allows his opponent time both for Castling and for this powerful move.

14. P to Q B 3rd P to Q R 3rd  
15. P to K R 4th P to Kt 4th  
16. B to R 2nd R to R 2nd  
17. P to Kt 4th P takes P  
18. Q takes Kt P Q to K 2nd  
19. Kt to Q Kt sq Q to K 2nd  
20. Q Kt to Q 2nd B to Kt 3rd  
21. Q R to B sq Kt to K 2nd  
22. Kt to Kt 5th P takes Kt  
23. B P takes P Kt to B 4th

Some defence is evidently necessary to the threatened B takes Q R P.

19. Q to K B 2nd  
20. Q Kt to Q 2nd B to Kt 3rd  
21. Q R to B sq Kt to K 2nd  
22. Kt to Kt 5th P takes Kt  
23. B P takes P Kt to B 4th

He cannot even capture the Knight without losing his Rook by the check. The Rook was badly placed at R 2nd at move 16, but the game has been spiritedly contested throughout.

## CHESS IN BOHEMIA.

Game played in Prague between MESSRS. SVEJDA and VANCURA.

(Petroff's Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. V.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. V.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	22. Kt to K 5th	Q to Kt 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	23. R to Q 3rd	R to Q 4th
3. Kt takes P		24. P to K B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
		25. P to K B 4th	Kt to K 5th
		26. Q to R 4th	Q to Kt 4th
		27. Q to B 2nd	
		27.	Q to Kt 3rd
		28. K to R sq	Q to Q 3rd
		29. Q to R 4th	R to Q B sq
		30. Kt to B 6th (ch)	
		30.	P takes Kt
		31. R takes P	Q takes P
		31.	Any other move of the Queen loses by R to Kt 3rd (ch), followed by R to R 3rd.
		32. Q to Kt 3rd (ch)	K to R sq
		33. Q takes R	Q to K B 8th (ch)
		34. R to B sq, dis ch, and wins.	

A very tempting move here is Kt to B 6th (ch). It is obvious the Kt must be captured or White wins Queen if K to B sq, or mates if R to R sq. The move is unsound, however, because when White plays to pin the Queen by R to Kt 3rd, the adverse Knight checks at Q 7th, and wins the Rook.

The sacrifice now seems sound as well as interesting.

The Chess Monthly for January contains a portrait of Mr. J. H. Blake, one of our foremost amateurs. Many of his games have appeared in this column, his correct and careful style being always worthy of study. In all amateur tournaments he has played with conspicuous success, the highest honours having fallen to his skill on more occasions than one.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

The two great private views that have marked the opening of the New Year—the Royal Academy "Old Masters" and the New Gallery "Venetian Art"—have been well attended, and certain drifts of fashion have become perceptible. One point is that the new Paris fashion of hair-dressing is gaining considerable favour. It consists of parting the hair in the middle, crimping it in large loose waves and bringing it well down over the temples as it is drawn back to the ears and arranged over a little pad as a "bun" behind. The most advanced way of doing it, I am informed from Paris, is actually to cover the greater part of the ear with the loosely drawn-back tresses, but I have not seen this in the flesh. Quite a number of visitors to the "Views," however, had adopted the new style to the extent above indicated. Another feature is the use of the old-fashioned long gold chains to support either muffs or eye-glasses. They are smartest if set with pearls or other small stones at intervals of several inches, and this can be got done at the best jewellers', to make an old chain, a relic of some dear departed ancestress, available as the newest and most fashionable of ornaments. Another feature that impressed me was the extent to which lace is used on both fur and heavy velvet cloaks and coats. One of the most striking garments at the New Gallery was a coat of golden brown velvet adorned with white guipure lace that was embroidered all over with iridescent beads of the tiniest kind, chiefly in brown and gold. These followed the design of the lace, and were so carefully arranged that at a little distance the lace seemed to be merely lace, only flashing out sparkles of light and colour in some mysterious fashion. This embroidered lace, laid over white satin, formed a wide-falling square collar, a broad graduated band down the front, and deep up-turned cuffs to the full sleeves. Another distinguished coat exemplified the mingling of fur with the dainty materials that once were held unsuited to such mixture. It was of black velvet and had a double cape or collar of white satin, embroidered lightly with jet and edged with a band of sable to each cape. As usual, the "great ladies" at these functions were the most simply attired, the Duchess of Westminster, in her very plain mourning dress with cloth coat and close-sitting bonnet, being perhaps the least obtrusively attired of any visitor.

There is included in the New Gallery display an excellent collection of beautiful early Venetian laces, from which anybody who wants to study the development of the art of lace-making may gain great information, while every woman who shares the lady-like love of this true luxury will be enchanted by the fineness of the specimens. The show is peculiarly important, since Venice was the first and, for long, the chief seat of fine lace-making. It is a fact not generally known that lace, as we understand the term, has been only made since the fifteenth century, and did not really become a beautiful product of human skill until the days of Catherine de' Medici. Before that, there was only "drawn linen work"—that is, the threads were drawn from a woven fabric to leave open patterns, which were later on embroidered or darned. The first actual lace patterns that are known date from about 1520, and then the needlework that we now call lace was known as "point in the air," so strange was the idea of the entire fabric being constructed by the point of the needle without a woven foundation. The Venetians developed the lace industry before any other of the great cities or countries, but there is evidence that many of their early designs were borrowed from Greece, where excellent drawn linen work had long been done, and whence there was, of course, frequent communication with Venice. The earliest specimens shown here, therefore, are those described as "Greek-Venetian." One (No. 412) is a curiously interesting insertion, the subject the life of John the Baptist; it is a very good sample of how close was the resemblance between the earliest lace and drawn linen. But very quickly there was an advance in design, and a mastery was attained by the Venetian needleworkers in their branch of art that makes their work worthy to stand beside the paintings of the great Venetian masters as an artistic product.

From lace to linen is a natural transition, for both are essentially ladies' wares, and the exquisite character of the finest linen is a pleasure to the eye and touch equal to that of lace itself. I passed from the Venetian laces to see certain samples of the finest linen that is to be offered in a sale of a special character, beginning on Jan. 14, by Messrs. Walpole Brothers, at Belfast House, 89, New Bond Street. The standing of this firm is sufficiently indicated by the fact that it was they who were chosen to manufacture the splendid linen for the present given by the ladies of Ireland to the Duke and Duchess of York on their marriage. The weaving of the finest linen is as necessarily a *handwork* as is lace, and Messrs Walpole have a village in County Down where the weaving of the finest linen is carried on in the old way by handlooms in the weavers' own cottages. This firm, who are manufacturers, and save intermediate profits on their goods, keep a large factory for power-loom weaving for cheaper fabrics; about a yard a day of a wide tablecloth is all that a hand-loom worker can do, so that it is necessarily expensive. However, all the goods that I saw, whether hand or power-loom products, are super-excellent in fineness and bleach, and the patterns are artistic in all, though some of the linen is extremely cheap. In this sale are to be found not only the surplus of the year's products of Messrs. Walpole's own works, but also six thousand pounds' worth of hand-loom damask table-cloths and napkins that they have bought from another manufacturer, at such a reduction that, they state, the price now is only half the usual sum. The "Union" pattern given to the Duke of York is reproduced for the public with a centre of a new design in place of the royal coat of arms, the border of the Rose and May-blossom being retained, and this is one of the choicest of Messrs. Walpole's own patterns. In the other stock designs that particularly pleased me were the Japanese fan and vase (No. 67 P), the Sunflower (59) and the Shamrock and Passion-flower (57). Towels, sheets, dusters, and afternoon tea-cloths are all good of their special kind, and I can cordially advise any lady who wants to replenish her linen-chest to send for patterns.

## DURING THE LATE FROST.

Drawn by F. H. TOWNSEND.



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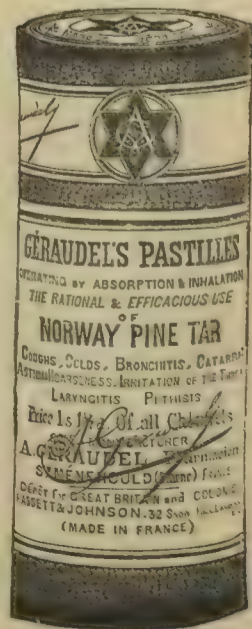
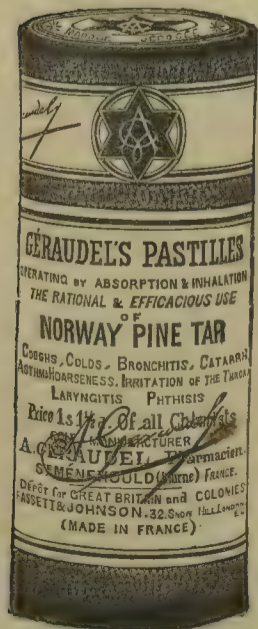
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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Archdeacon Sinclair defends his action in giving an address on a recent Sunday afternoon at the Wesleyan West-End Mission. He says the address was given not in a chapel, but in a public hall; that the Bishop of London and others have given addresses at the Regent Street Polytechnic; that the Archbishop of Canterbury spoke at the annual meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association at Exeter Hall. Archdeacon Sinclair also refers to the speeches delivered on the Bible Society platform by many Church dignitaries.

The Archbishop of Dublin vindicates his consecration of a bishop for the Reformed Spanish Church. He says that the reformers number considerably over two thousand, and that the movement is progressive. He is confident that if the laity as well as the clergy were to be polled there would be a largely preponderating vote in approval of his action, and that, as the years roll on, the wonder will not be why the deed was done so soon, but why it was so long delayed.

Dean Vaughan has been able to preach again at Llandaff.

Canon Body is suffering from a throat affection, and in all probability will attempt no preaching till Lent.

The *Guardian*, the leading Church paper, dismisses Miss Rossetti in a few lines in small type—lines as poor and meagre as could possibly be imagined. Miss Rossetti, who was a loyal and even an enthusiastic member of the Church of England, deserved better things.

The late Sir Edmund Lechmere was a man of the most estimable character. He and his wife were greatly interested in the affairs of the East, its Church and its people. They frequently visited the Levant and the Holy Land during the winter months, and in one of these visits they founded the Ophthalmic Hospital at Jerusalem, now maintained by the Order of the Hospital of St. John. Sir Edmund was also one of the founders of the St. John's Ambulance system at home.

Another warmly attached member of the Church of England was the late Mr. Dent Dent. He took a large part in the affairs of the diocese of Ripon. Almost the last occasion on which he journeyed from home was to attend a meeting of the financial committee in Leeds to consider the formation of a diocesan trust.

The tithe average is still falling; it has now dropped to £23 13s. 0½d., or one-half per cent. less than last year. Taking the gross ecclesiastical tithe rent-charge at £2,628,000, that source of Church revenue, already diminished by nearly 26 per cent., is reduced still further to the extent of over £13,000 a year.

The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, who has been for some months in Italy, has returned to his work in the Wesleyan West-End Mission much invigorated in health.

The Archbishop of Canterbury declines to dedicate cemeteries. He says that there is no real force in dedication; it is a mere deception, leading the people to suppose the burial-ground is duly consecrated.

## OBITUARY.

Mr. Arthur Ellis, the City Editor of the *Times*, died on Dec. 28, 1894. He had only held this position for a few months.



Photo by Watery.  
THE LATE MR. ARTHUR ELLIS.

Not long after Mr. Bagehot's decease Mr. Ellis left the *Economist* and betook himself to the *Statist*, Dr. Giffen then being editor of that journal. Mr. Ellis was in direct touch with him, and acted as "his right-hand man." Dr. Giffen was some time after appointed the City Editor of the *Daily News*, and, although not immediately succeeded by Mr. Ellis, it was not long after Dr. Giffen's leaving that journal for an important Government appointment at the Board of Trade that Mr. Ellis succeeded to the post as City Editor. He was responsible for the financial columns of the *Daily News* for a period extending over thirteen years, retaining the appointment until his services were sought by the *Times*. He only commenced his duties in Printing House Square in February last. It would be unjust to omit Mr. Ellis's connection with the *Bankers' Magazine*, from which we borrow his portrait.

Another loss to journalism has to be chronicled. Mr. Alexander Keys Moore, editor of the *Morning Post* since Sir William Hardman's decease in 1890, died on Jan. 3. He was only forty-two years of age, an Ulster man by birth, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he received three times the Vice-Chancellor's prize for English prose, and afterwards at Merton College, Oxford, where he obtained a First in Classical Moderations and Law. Mr. Moore joined the *Morning Post* in 1881.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 8, 1890), with a codicil (dated April 5, 1891), of Mr. Philip Rawson, J.P., D.L., of Woodhurst, Crawley, Sussex, who died on Nov. 12, was proved on Dec. 31 by Richard Hamilton Rawson and Philip Heathcote Rawson, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £137,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 and all his wines and consumable stores to his wife, Mrs. Octavia Rawson; and £6000 each to his sons, Richard Hamilton Rawson and Philip Heathcote Rawson, and to his daughters, Mrs. Mabel Anne Gilmour and Mrs. Emma Jessie Thornton. The Woodhurst estate and all other his real estate, his leasehold property, and all his jewellery, plate, household furniture, pictures, articles of household use or ornament, horses, carriages, and farming stock dead and alive, he gives to his wife, for life, or until she shall marry again, and then to his son Richard Hamilton. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, or until she shall marry again, and then to be equally divided between his said two sons, to whom he also appoints the trust funds under his marriage settlement.

The will (dated Nov. 10, 1894) of Mr. Henry Yool, D.L., J.P., Chairman of Quarter Sessions for Surrey, of Field Place, Weybridge, who died on Nov. 25, was proved on Dec. 24 by George Valentine Yool, the brother, and Mrs. Mary Jane Yool, the widow, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £75,000. The testator bequeaths the silver Menteith bowl presented to him by the first Surrey County Council to his son, George Alexander, and hopes that he will consider it as an heirloom; two portraits in oil to the Rev. William Feetham; and the remainder of his plate and pictures, all his furniture, books, wines, horses, carriages, indoor and outdoor effects, and £5000 to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, then for his son, George Alexander, and his daughter, Margaret Elizabeth, as she shall by deed or will appoint; and in default of such appointment, or so far as the same shall not extend, for his son and daughter in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 22, 1893) of Mr. Septimus Scott, formerly of the Madras Civil Service, late of Hungershall Park, Tunbridge Wells, who died on Nov. 5, was proved on Dec. 22, by Archibald Edward Scott, the nephew, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £61,000. The testator bequeaths £200 to Dr. Barnardo's Homes; £100 each to the Ragged School Union, the General Hospital, Tunbridge Wells, and the Infirmary, Newtown, Montgomeryshire; £2000 to his sister Dame Jessie Margaret Shakerley; £1000, and several houses to the said Archibald Edward Scott; and liberal legacies to other of his relatives, and also to friends and servants. The residue of his property he gives to his wife, Mrs. Anna Letitia Scott.

The will (dated July 1, 1892) of Sir Daniel Adolphus Lange, Kt., F.R.G.S., Knight of several foreign orders and formerly Director of the Suez Canal in England, of

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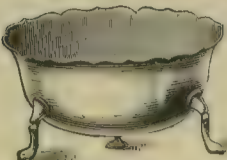
Ivory Pepper-Mill, Sterling Silver Bands, £1 10s.



Sterling Silver pierced Mustard-Pot, with Blue Glass Lining, £2 10s.



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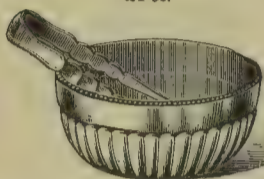
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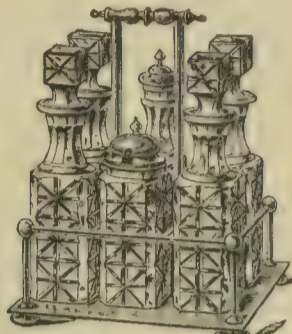
Prince's Plate Crumb-Scoop, with Carved Ivory Handle and Engraved Blade, 18s. 6d. Sterling Silver Blade, £3 3s.



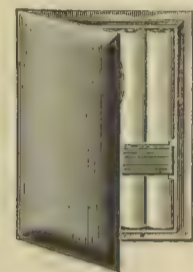
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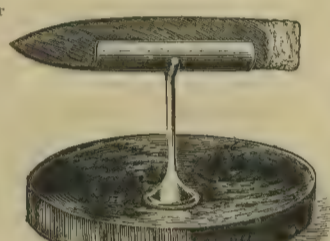
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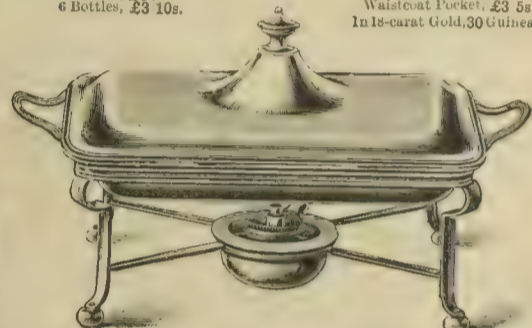
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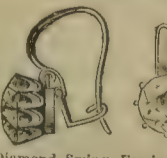
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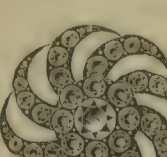
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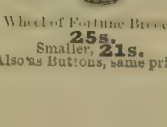
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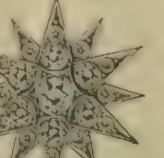
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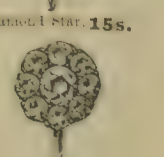
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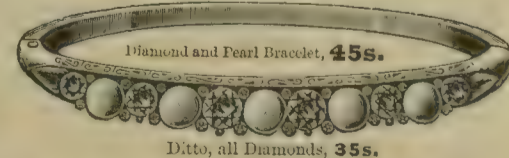
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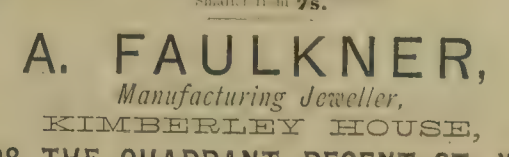
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Diamond Arrow Brooch, 25s. Smaller, 17s.

**A. FAULKNER,**  
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Lanehurst, Albourne, Sussex, who died on Nov. 2 at 6, Belgrave Mansions, was proved on Jan. 1 by the Rev. Charles Edward Green and Dame Beatrice Emily Lange, the widow, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £18,000. The testator bequeaths £300 and his wines and consumable stores to his wife; and £50 to his executor, the Rev. C. E. Green. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life if she shall so long remain his widow; and then, as to his messuage, lands, and hereditaments, known as Lanehurst, for his son Daniel Townshend. The ultimate residue he gives to all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 7, 1888), with a codicil (dated Oct. 16, 1889), of Sir Charles Thomas Newton, K.C.B., D.C.L., of 12, Montague Place, Bedford Square, who died on Nov. 28 at Westgate-on-Sea, was proved on Dec. 27 by Sidney Colvin and Mrs. Elizabeth Eleanor Furneaux, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £16,000. The testator bequeaths all his archaeological drawings, diagrams, plans, photographs, casts, and models to the Chancellor, masters, and scholars of the University of Oxford for the use of the professor of classical archaeology in his lectures; the copyright of all his lectures and other writings in manuscript or already published, and £500 to Mrs. Frances Jane Sitwell; £5000, upon trust, for his sister Catherine Newton, for life, then for Mary Newton, the widow of his nephew Arthur Charles Newton, for life, and then for his said nephew's children; £1000, upon trust, for Reginald Stuart Poole, his wife, and daughters; and other legacies. The residue of his property he gives to his sister-in-law Mrs. Furneaux absolutely.

The will (dated July 31, 1894) of Mr. Hugh Frederick Jackson, of 12, Essex Street, solicitor, and of 29, Bedford Square, who died on Oct. 27, was proved on Dec. 15 by Mrs. Julia Jane Jackson, the widow, and the Rev. Corrie Jackson, and William George King, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £16,000. The testator bequeaths £300 and his leasehold residence, Bedford Square, to his wife; £200 each to his executors, the Rev. C. Jackson and Mr. King; £500 each to his brother, the Rev. William Hippiusley Jackson, and his wife's sister, Lavinia Lutnan; £200 each to his niece

and goddaughter, Florence Emily Jackson, his nephew, Percy Jackson, his friend, William John Edward Clode, and his clerk, Ernest Edward Cox; £5 each to his servants; and £2000, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Emily Carter. He also bequeaths £5000, upon trust, for his wife, for life, then for his children by her, and in default of children £1000 to be added to his daughter's trust fund; £1000 to his brother the Rev. W. H. Jackson; £400 to his brother Herbert Innes Jackson; and £300 each to his niece Florence Emily Jackson, his nephew Percy Jackson, and his friend Mr. Clode. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his wife.

The will and codicil of Mr. Falconer John Atlee, her Majesty's Consul at Paris, of 3, Avenue de Messine, Paris, who died on Oct. 2, were proved in London on Dec. 24 by George Gordon Falconer Atlee, her Majesty's Vice-Consul at Paris, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3751.

The will of Dr. John Chapman, proprietor and for forty years editor of the *Westminster Review*, of 31, Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris, who died on Nov. 25, was proved on Dec. 24 by Mrs. Hannah Chapman, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £337.

It is feared that, as a result of the recent gales, no less than ninety lives of men connected with the port of Hull have been lost. Of four steamers and eight sailing vessels no tidings have been heard. On other parts of the coast many disasters at sea have to be chronicled.

"The Stock Exchange Year-Book" (1, Royal Exchange Buildings, E.C.) has with this year celebrated its majority. It is full of information which every man who is "something in the City," and all investors are glad to have. The book is admirably arranged, and in its twelve hundred pages we have at hand a complete index to all the enterprises of the day. Mr. Thomas Skinner, the editor, states that though the past year has not proved so favourable to business as was expected, yet it is generally admitted that the worst is now over.

## OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

It is in a great measure due to the liberal spirit in which Lord Houghton regards his stewardship that the present exhibition of pictures by the Old Masters is so attractive. The treasures of Crewe Hall, to which he has recently succeeded, were practically unknown, not only to the general public but to such keen-scented picture-hunters as Dr. Waagen and the like. From this storehouse have been brought the most celebrated of the many "Kitty Fishers," "The Tribute Money," the portrait of Mrs. Crewe, "the Liberal" who canvassed Westminster for Fox against the beautiful Duchess, and of many other members of the Crewe family, of whom the grace remains although in too many cases the colour has faded. Curiously enough, the only rival to Lord Houghton in liberality is the Duke of Westminster, who lends, as he has ever done, with generous freedom from the galleries at Eaton and at Grosvenor House; but his principal contributions are to the room set apart for the Dutch school. Here are to be seen half-a-dozen pictures by Rembrandt, all of high merit—the portraits of Nicholas Berghem and his wife, "The Salutation," and a golden landscape (53) being the most noteworthy.

The most interesting feature, however, of this exhibition is not, as in previous years, the struggle between Reynolds and Gainsborough or between Romney and Hoppner, but rather between the rival schools of landscape which respectively acknowledged Turner and Constable as their leaders. From the former there is the little-known but scarcely surpassed "Mortlake," bathed in the glow of a summer's evening; the quiet reposeful "Trout-Stream," and the seething mass of waves which goes by the name of "Helvoetsluys"—a spot which the artist probably only knew by name. In the large room there are two other specimens of Turner's work, separated by a distance of more than thirty years. "Bonneville," painted in 1803, and the "Valley of Aosta," which is assigned to 1837—the former a scene of peace and bright sunlight, the latter of snowstorm and bursting avalanches. Constable has seldom been seen at these galleries to such advantage as he is shown in Sir Algernon Need's "Dedham Vale." The scene of his birthplace furnished Constable with the

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**FOOTBALL** at the ROYAL ALBERT HALL, on SATURDAY, JAN. 12, 1895.

**BABIES' BEDTIME** at the ALBERT HALL, on SATURDAY, at THREE O'CLOCK.

**SPECIAL LIMELIGHT VIEWS** at the ALBERT HALL, on SATURDAY, at THREE O'CLOCK.

**ROYAL ALBERT HALL, SOUTH KENSINGTON.**

A HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT in connection with THE YOUNG HELPERS' LEAGUE will (D.V.) take place in the above Hall on SATURDAY AFTERNOON, Jan. 12, 1895.

In the unavoidable absence of Her Royal Highness PRINCESS MARY, DUCHESS OF TECK, President of the Young Helpers' League.

**THE Most Honourable the Marquis of LORNE, P.C., K.T.**, has kindly consented to OPEN the PROCEEDINGS at THREE O'CLOCK. There will be no speeches. The whole Arena will be occupied by Dr. Barnardo's Waif Children, who will do their best to minister to the enjoyment of the audience.

There will be FOOTBALL (Association, seven a side), MUSIC by a CHOIR of SIX HUNDRED VOICES and by YOUNG INSTRUMENTALISTS, NAVAL DRILL, MUSICAL MOVEMENTS, a Series of over 120 LIMELIGHT PICTURES (specially prepared for this occasion, and exhibited by Messrs. D. W. Noakes and Co., of Greenwich), BABIES at PLAY and at BEDTIME, GYMNASTICS, &c., &c.

The NOBLE CHAIRMAN will RECEIVE, on behalf of H.R.H. the President, PURSES from JUNIOR COMPANIONS for the Funds of the League of not less than THREE GUINEAS, and from SENIOR COMPANIONS OF FIVE GUINEAS each. Those who intend to offer Purse should inform Miss Norton at once.

Tickets of Admission now ready. Balcony, 1s. 6d.; Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Boxes, per seat, 3s. to 6s.; Entire Boxes, seating from five to ten persons, 12s. 6d. to 22s. 6d.

Companions of the Young Helpers' League who have paid their subscriptions for 1895 will be admitted to any part of the house, except the Balcony, at one-half of the above prices. But no Tickets at half price will be issued at the doors. These must be obtained by Exchange through Miss Norton.

Tickets apply for Tickets at once, with remittance, to Miss RACHEL NORTON, Secretary of Y.H.L., or to Mr. JOHN ODLING, General Secretary, 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.

## MONTE CARLO.

### WINTER SEASON.

As a WINTER RESORT Monaco occupies the first place among the winter stations on the Mediterranean sea-border, on account of its climate, its numerous attractions, and the elegant pleasures it has to offer to its guests, which make it to-day the rendezvous of the aristocratic world, the great and the frequent by travellers in Europe—in short, Monaco and Monte Carlo enjoy a perpetual spring.

The Principality has a tropical vegetation, yet the summer heat is always tempered by the sea-breezes.

The beach is covered with the softest sand; the Hotels are grand and numerous, with warm sea-baths; and there are comfortable villas and apartments replete with every comfort, as in some of our own places of summer resort in England.

Monte Carlo has other recreations and pastimes; it affords lawn-tennis, pigeon-shooting, fencing, and various sports, exercise, and amusements; besides the enjoyment of sunshine and pure air in the marvellously fine climate, where epidemic diseases are unknown.

Visitors coming to Monte Carlo, if it be only for one day or a few hours, find themselves in a place of enchanting beauty and manifold delight. Breakfasting or dining at one of the renowned establishments here, and meeting persons of their acquaintance, they find all the gaiety of Parisian life, while scenes of fairyland, at every turn and every glance, are presented to the eye, and winter there does not exist.

There is, perhaps, no town in the world that can compare in the beauty of its position with Monte Carlo, or in its special fascination and attractions—not only by the favoured climate and by the inviting security, but also by the facilities of every kind for relief in cases of illness or disease, or for the restoration of health.

Monte Carlo is only thirty-two hours from London and forty minutes from Nice.

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An interesting series of articles descriptive of a journey from Constantinople to Peking with wheel and Kodak has been appearing in the *Century*. The authors, Messrs. Allen and Sachtleben, pluckily made their way through the semi-barbarous interior and brought back a magnificent series of Kodak views, many of which are reproduced in the *Century*. In a recent letter they say:

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"The Kodak was carried over our shoulders on a bicycle journey of 15,000 miles, a feat that would have been impossible with an ordinary hand camera and the necessary supply of glass plates. We secured some 2500 unique and valuable photographs with the Kodak on our route through the interior countries of the Asiatic Continent—Asia Minor, Persia, Turkestan and China—and have no hesitation in saying that the photographic success of our journey was due largely to the excellence of that instrument."

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## "The Men who make England."

We are indebted to the courtesy of a gentleman well known in Liverpool for the following interesting and instructive particulars. He writes:

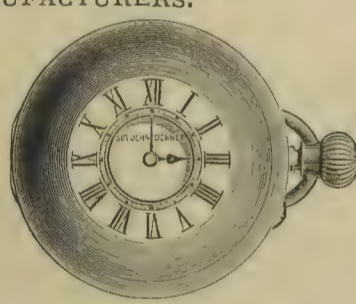
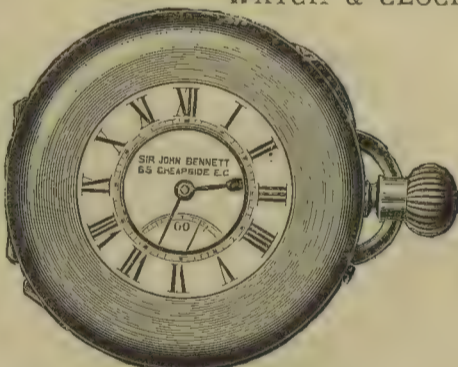
"I venture to think the following will be read with interest by you and any English people who have friends abroad, and their name is legion. Quite recently I was a passenger by the midnight train from Euston to Liverpool. I was travelling in a third-class compartment, and with me there were a quiet resolute-looking man about thirty-five, a middle-aged sailor, and a young fellow who stated he was twenty-two. The latter informed us he was sailing from Liverpool to Lagos, on the West Coast of Africa, in the course of a few days, which drew from our quiet-looking friend, 'Queer place, Lagos. I was there eighteen months.' 'Unhealthy?' 'Rather; just about the worst you can hit on. But I kept fairly right.' 'How did you manage?' 'Well, take this from me straight—cut all spirits, brandy especially, and always have Beecham's Pills handy.' 'Beecham's Pills?' 'Yes; I've knocked about the world a good deal, and am just off to Rangoon, where I have a berth cutting teak, and I should, never feel safe without them.' 'Right you are,' chimed in the sailor. 'I was in Brazil, Santos, but a few months ago, and they were the regular thing for keeping you right out there. I came home last week, and here is my last box, producing one from out of his waistcoat pocket. This testimony from 'the men who make England' was perfectly genuine, and it gives me pleasure to communicate it to you.

"I will just add the following, which was read to me the other day, it being an extract of a letter from a prosperous young magistrate at Esk, Queensland, to his father in Liverpool: 'I am exceedingly busy, and on Saturdays can hardly get through; and just now, if a customer does not ask for wire fencing, he is certain to want Beecham's Pills. You had better send me further consignments of these sharp.'"

Here you have Australia, West Africa, Eastern Asia, and Brazil, and climates good and bad. We often hear, "Go where you will you will find Englishmen," but we must now add, "and BEECHAM'S PILLS."

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**LYCEUM.—KING ARTHUR.** Mr. Irving, begs to announce that this SATURDAY NIGHT, Jan. 12, at 8 o'clock, will be produced for the first time a Drama in a Prologue and Four Acts, KING ARTHUR, by J. Comyns Carr.

KING ARTHUR ... MR. IRVING  
SIR LANCELOT ... MR. FORBES ROBERTSON  
MORGAN LE FAY ... MISS GENEVIEVE WARD  
and  
GUINEVERE ... MISS ELLEN TERRY.

Music by Sir Arthur Sullivan. Scenery and Costumes designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

The Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily, 10 till 5, for the sale of seats for Jan. 14 and following nights, as the applications already received for seats for the first performance exceed the capacity of the theatre.

**LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee, Mr. Henry Irving.**  
EVERY AFTERNOON (Matinees only), at 1.30, Mr. Oscar Barrett's Fairy Pantomime, SANTA CLAUS, written by Mr. Horace Lennard. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily from 10 till 5. Seats can be secured by letter or telegram.

**DALY'S THEATRE, Leicester Square.** Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY. CHRISTMAS PROGRAMME. Mr. George Edwards has arranged with the Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company for the production in English of Daly's Theatre every Evening at 9, of HUMPERDINKUS, a comedy in three acts, by J. P. Schuler, and HANSEL AND GRETEL, a fairy tale in three acts, by J. P. Schuler. Both plays were first produced in England, and are now being produced at a special price, and produced by Oscar Barrett. Numbered Seats, 2s. 6d. to 1s. 6d. in advance at the Crystal Palace, and at the usual City and West-End Ticket Agencies. Unnumbered Seats, 1s. and 1s. 6d.

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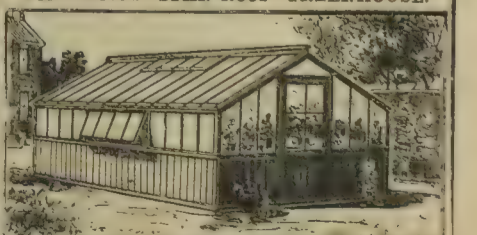
**GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's AUREOLINE** produces the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Price 6s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., of all principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the world. Agents, R. HOVENHED and SONS, 31 and 32, Bazaar Street, W.

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subject of many pictures; but in this he seems to have focussed three separate ideas, and treated each with his strong individuality. Mr. S. G. Holland also lends an interesting variation of Constable's usual treatment of Salisbury Cathedral, which, notwithstanding its merits, is wanting in the poetic touch which marks the larger and better-known version of the same theme. The most important, however, of his pictures is that described in the catalogue as "A Scene on the Stour" (38), but is more commonly known as Constable's "White Horse." It belongs to a somewhat earlier period than the works already named, and shows more evident traces of the influence of the Norwich school. It was sold last summer at Messrs. Christie's, and was purchased by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan for the large sum of £6510, or almost ten times as much as was given for it when previously offered for sale in 1855. Of the celebrities whose acquaintance—on canvas—one is glad to renew, Mrs. Inchbald, the writer, as painted by Romney, is quite the most interesting; but Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Master Lambton," seated among the rocks in a very fantastic pose, reminds us of the days when Byronism was rampant, and had infected painters as well as poets: just as the "Countess of Jersey" recalls the days of the Regency and the scandals which thrived during its course. The portrait of Miss Croker, the daughter of John Wilson

Croker, who misused for many years his political influence, and spent many more in snarling at his opponents, is perhaps the best of Sir Thomas Lawrence's in this year's collection, and in our opinion, one of his most successful works. It was painted in 1827—that is, two years before his death, and in the same year that Sir Walter Scott came to London and gave the President sittings for the portrait which has been regarded as the most sympathetic which was ever painted of the "Wizard of the North." Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who owns Sir T. Lawrence's "Miss Croker," is also the possessor of an excellent example of Reynolds in two portraits of Mrs. Payne Galloway and her son, painted in the heyday of the artist's powers. It will not quite bear comparison with the picture of Lady Betty Delmé and her children, for which Mr. Wertheimer paid last summer the sum of £11,550, the highest price ever attained for an English "master" at a public auction.

Among the Dutch pictures besides Rembrandt, Cuyper and Gerard Dow are the best represented, but Mr. James Knowles must be congratulated on the possession of such an excellent portrait of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, "the friend" of Shakspeare's sonnets. The picture is painted with more than mere Dutch dexterity, and Mr. Knowles may be justified in ascribing its authorship to Paul van Somer, who lived chiefly in England, and is buried in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. There was a portrait

of the Earl at Althorp, which was attributed to Daniel Mytens, and from a comparison of the present picture with the authenticated specimen of Van Somer's work at Hampton Court, we should think it more probable that this portrait is by Mytens, who was much in favour with the Court party after Elizabeth's accession. The large gallery, in addition to the works already mentioned, contains two fine specimens of Velasquez, a superb portrait by Tintoretto, a delicate finished garden scene by Gainsborough, with portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland and her sister, and a scene in the Mall, with a group of ladies by the same artist, whose studio looked out upon this then fashionable promenade; a "Holy Family" by Rubens, and two interesting "conversation pictures" by Zoffany—one representing the interior of the Tribuna in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, and containing (probably) portraits of the leading members of the Dilettanti Society at that date, and another of the Life School in the Royal Academy, 1772, with the Royal Academicians assembled. It is interesting to note, by way of commentary on the art-life of a century ago, that the two lady Academicians—Angelica Kauffmann and Mary Moser—are represented by their portraits on the wall; studies from life not being supposed to come within their sphere.

The fourth room, as usual, is devoted more or less to the Primitives of the Italian and German schools, and will

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"22, Crouch Hall Road,  
Crouch End, N.  
November 19, 1894.  
Mr. G. Mellin,  
Dear Sir,—I enclose a  
photo of my little boy, he has  
been brought up on Mellin's  
Food since he was seven weeks  
old. The picture speaks for itself  
as regards how the Food suited  
him.  
Yours faithfully,  
M. C. WHITEHEAD, Junr."

## TESTIMONIAL FROM HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE EMPRESS OF GERMANY

Translation.

Berlin, April 14, 1893.  
"At Mr. Mellin's request  
it is hereby certified that  
his 'Food' for Children  
has been used with the  
best results by the young  
Princes, sons of their  
Imperial Majesties  
the Emperor  
and Empress.  
The  
Cabinet of Her  
Majesty the  
Empress and  
Queen."



"Makino, Feilding,  
New Zealand,  
September 21, 1894.  
Mr. G. Mellin,  
Dear Sir,—I enclose a  
photo of my boy taken when  
seven months old, he was  
brought up entirely on Mellin's  
Food, and is, I think, a very good  
New Zealand specimen, weighing  
28 lbs.  
Yours faithfully,  
W. F. ELKINGTON."



## MELLIN'S For INFANTS FOOD and INVALIDS



"74, Wilberforce Road,  
Finsbury Park, N.  
October 26, 1894.  
Mr. G. Mellin,  
Dear Sir,—Enclosed I send you  
the photo of my son, Leslie Clifford  
Webber, which was taken when he  
was eleven months old. At four  
months of age he was so thin  
that he had to be carried about  
on a pillow, but after having  
your Food from that time he  
has gained flesh and strength,  
and people who know him say  
the photo does not flatter him  
in the slightest.  
I need hardly say that  
after finding such benefit  
resulting from Mellin's  
Food, I have strongly  
recommended it to my  
friends.  
Yours faithfully,  
E. J. WEBBER."



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AWARDS  
AT THE  
CHICAGO  
EXHIBITION,  
CALIFORNIAN  
MIDWINTER  
EXPOSITION,  
AND  
DRESDEN FOOD EXHIBITION.



"Glaistdale, Park Hill Road,  
Moseley, Birmingham,  
November 5, 1894.  
Mr. G. Mellin,  
Dear Sir,—Enclosed you will  
find a photograph of our boy,  
Jack, twelve months old. I  
think you ought to have a  
photo, he being such a  
splendid advertisement for  
Mellin's Food, he has been  
fed upon it entirely since  
he was three months. I  
shall have much pleasure  
in recommending it most  
highly.  
Yours faithfully,  
GERTRUDE  
ADLARD."

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afford much scope for iconoclastic criticism on the part of those scoffers at high-sounding names which owners so readily ascribe to their works of art. It is a harmless habit, which pleases them and carries no conviction to outsiders. Some of the pictures—apart from the names of their real or supposed painters—are strikingly beautiful, others quaint and interesting, and others neither the one nor the other.

The novelty, and for many the attraction, of the present year's show at Burlington House is the display of sculptor-goldsmith's art, for which the chief credit is due to Mr. A. Gilbert, R.A., and our chief gratitude to Sir J. C. Robinson and Sir A. W. Franks, K.C.B., who have allowed their treasures to be ransacked for the public good. Mr. Gilbert's idea is that if we would revive English art-industry and stimulate workmen of the present day, we must give them the incentive, not of competition, but of instruction. They should have presented to their eyes the achievements of past centuries; and they may, he thinks, be trusted to emulate their forerunners in their several ways. To launch them on their way, Sir J. C. Robinson has furnished marvellous specimens of enamel-work, gold

chasing, silver modelling, cameo-cutting, and metal-work of all descriptions from Spain, Italy, France, and Germany. How in the intervals of a busy life Sir J. C. Robinson has succeeded in bringing together such a vast amount of valuable objects must be a source of wonder and envy to many more modest collectors. The Prayer Book of Charles V.; the "lesser George," a badge of the Garter worn by the Earl of Strafford at his execution; Cortes' Pomander; curious hat-medallions of the sixteenth century, of which one was designed by F. Francia, and another possibly by Michel Angelo; several works by the Spanish goldsmith, Becerril of Cuenca, by the Venetian Cesare de Treviso; with cameos and intaglios ranging over the whole period of the Italian Renaissance, testify to the boundless riches of Sir J. C. Robinson's jewel-room. Lord Cowper sends a parcel-gilt ewer and salver, the work of Benvenuto Cellini; Sir A. W. Franks a number of earrings of various countries, some very quaint, and others of exquisite delicacy and beauty; and a gold reliquary of English work of the fifteenth century. The waist-girdle in niello-work, lent by Mr. F. A. Eaton, is obviously of more modern date; but it shows

how far the Russian craftsmen have progressed in an art which has been strangely neglected in Western Europe, especially in later times. Last, but not least, her Majesty has contributed the "Holbein George," which, according to tradition, was worn by Henry VIII. as Sovereign of the Order of the Garter. It is supposed to have been designed by Holbein, and executed in this country; and might with advantage be taken as an example of what English workmen were capable in the sixteenth, and serve as an incentive to their followers in the nineteenth century.

The *Art Annual*, the Christmas number of the *Art Journal* (J. S. Virtue), is devoted to the consideration of the work and career of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart. The illustrations are extremely good. We were indebted to the courtesy of the proprietors for the view of Sir Edward's studio, which appeared in our last issue. Mrs. Ady writes lucidly and pleasantly of the great artist's achievements, and the *Art Annual* is probably destined to be treasured long after ordinary Christmas numbers of 1894 have been forgotten.

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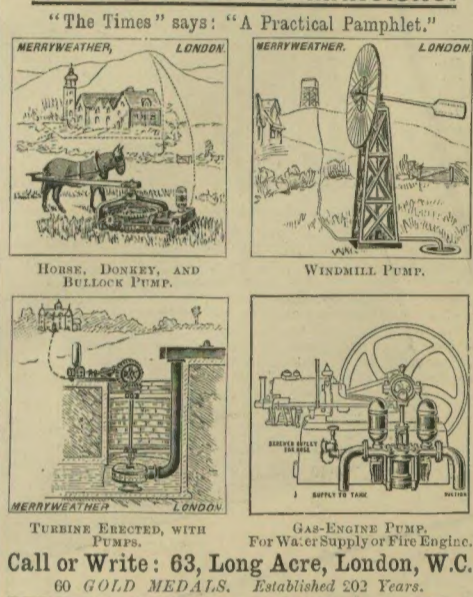
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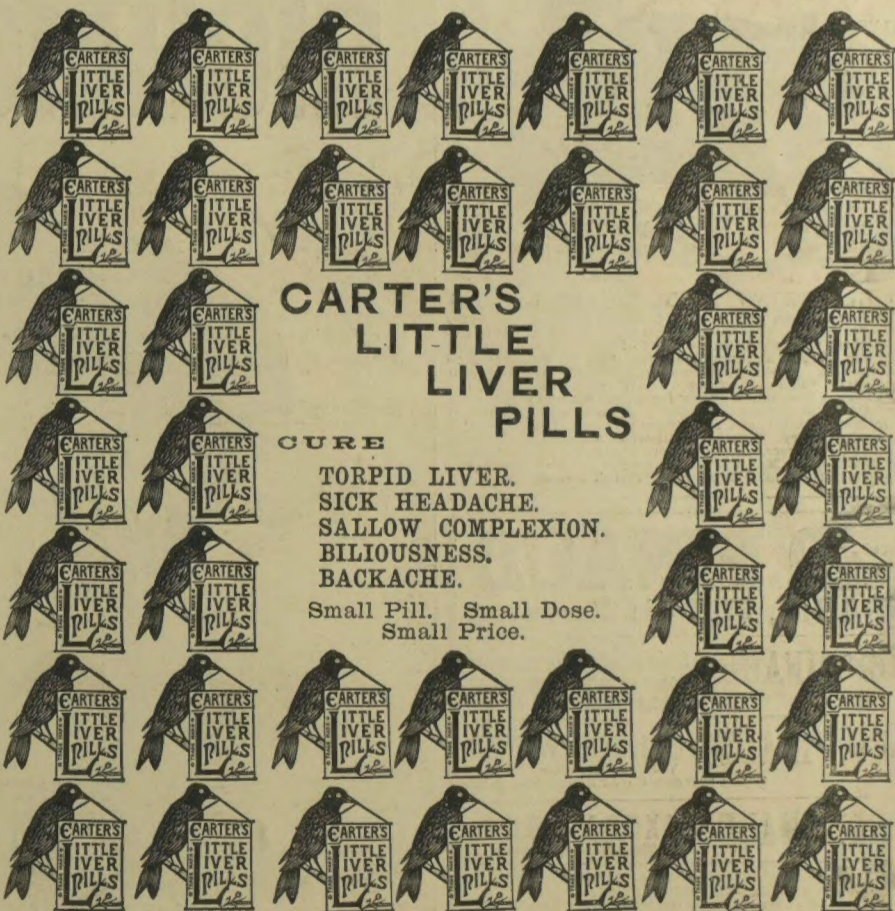
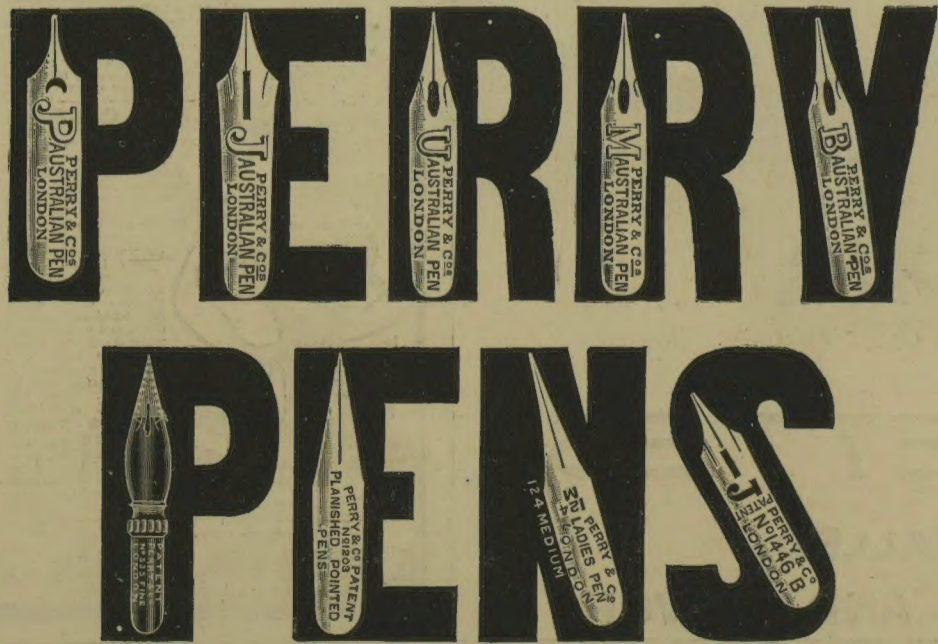
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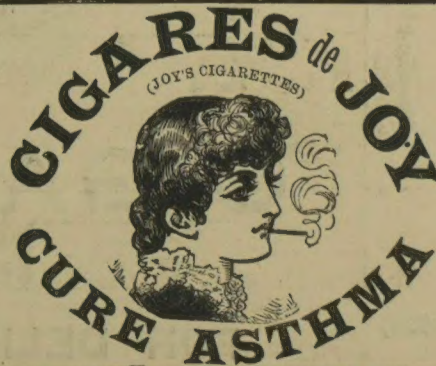


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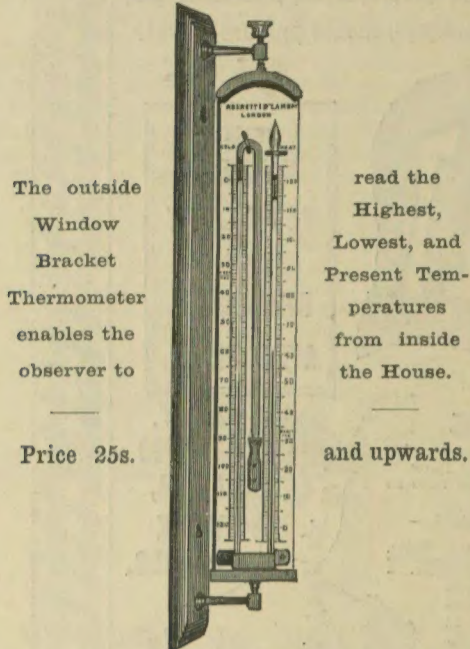
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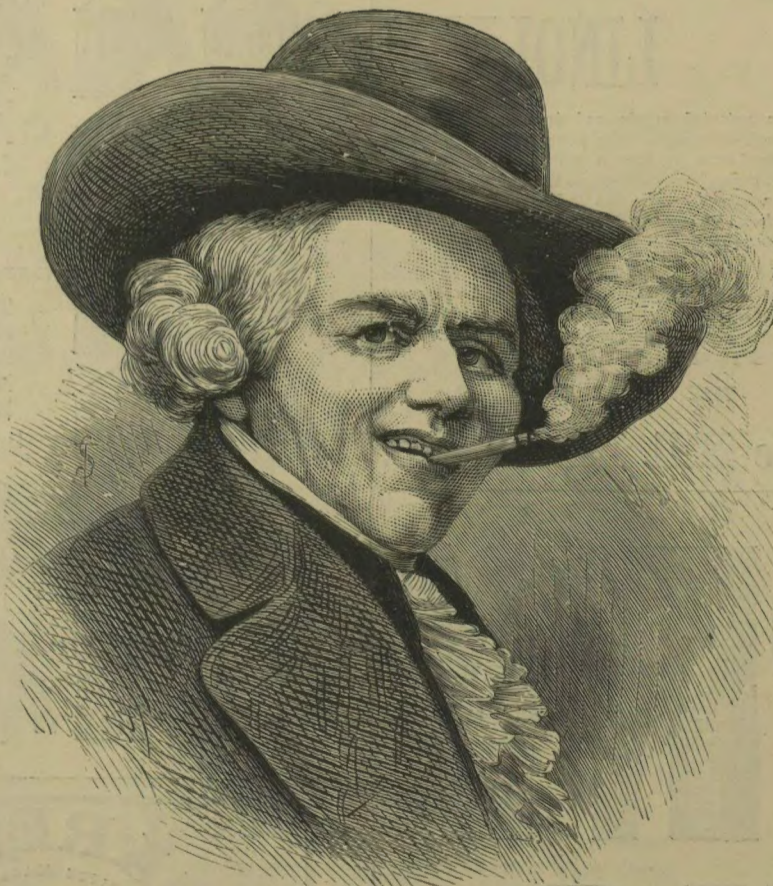
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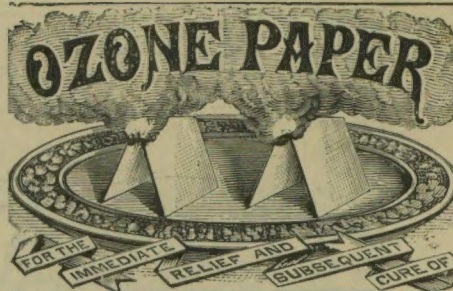
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